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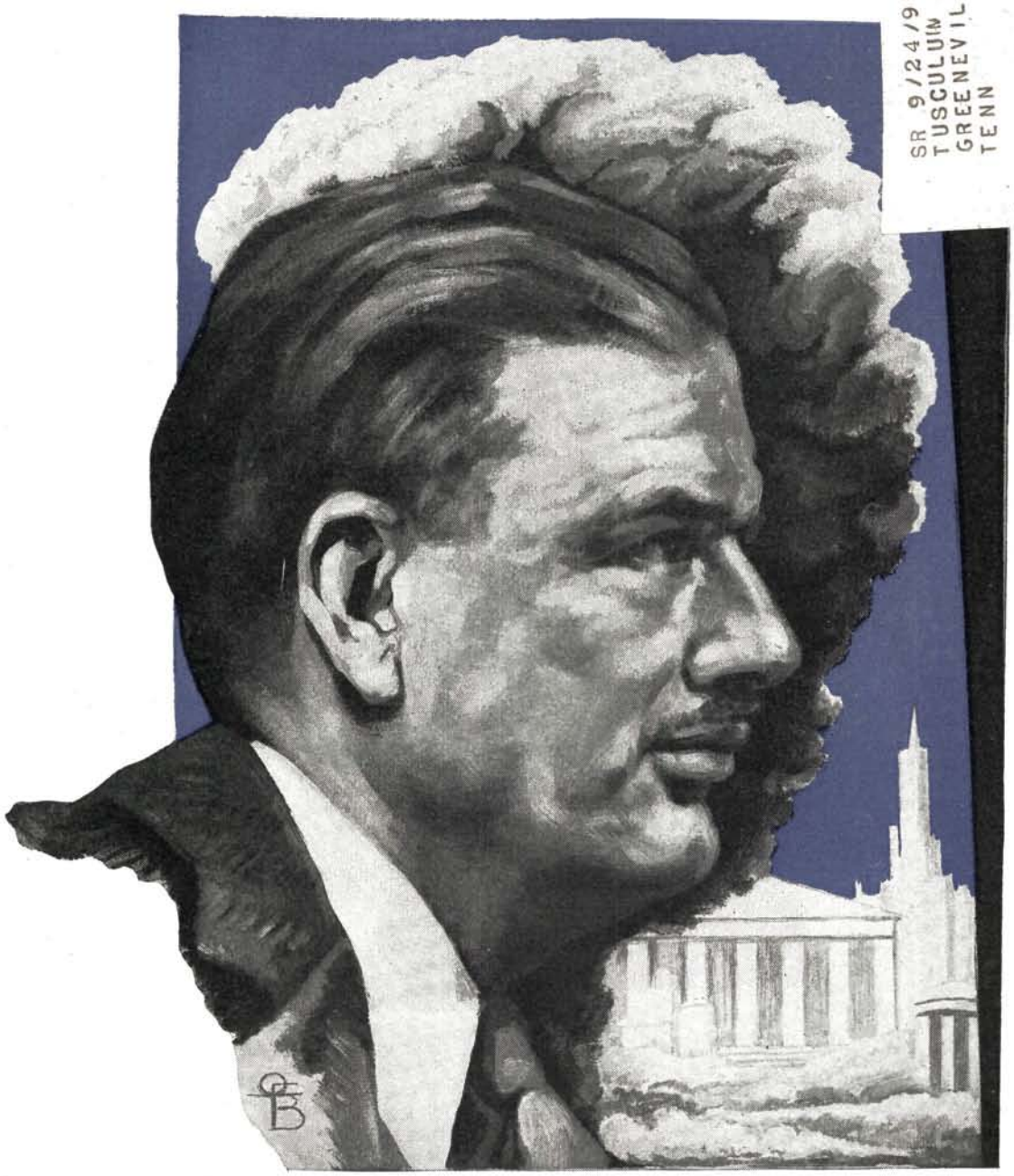

Stringfellow Barr, author of "The Pilgrimage of Western Man." (See Page 11)

World Playbill No. 1

Shakespeare Kept the Right Company

By MARCHETTE CHUTE

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An Army in Exile

By GENERAL W. ANDERS

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This Week

July 23, 1949

Cover Drawing by Frances O'Brien

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. E. De Golyer, Chairman of the Board; Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Lilian Grannon, Assistant Treasurer; Robert A. Low, Advertising Manager; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Robert Birnbaum, Assistant Circulation Director. Subscription $6 a year; $7 in Canada. Member of Audit Bureau of Circulation. Printed in the U. S. Vol. XXXII, No. 30, July 23, 1949. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office in New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature." Entire issue. Copyright 1949 by Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

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THOUSANDS of Americans are vacationing abroad this summer, but many millions are traveling in their own vast land, seeing more of their home states or of regions three hundred or three thousand miles away. Basic equipment for more and more travelers who don't want to miss a thing along the way includes books about the area of their sightseeing activities. (Those who prefer to journey no farther than their hammock or cool front porch this summer will discover vicarious tourist pleasures in these titles from the Oxford list.)

Because most United States itineraries include one or several of the sixty-two national parks and nature monuments, Oxford suggests as a vacation companion *Exploring Our National Parks and Monuments* by Devereaux Butcher, the only guide book authorized by the National Park Association. Scenic features, flora and fauna, recreation facilities and accommodations in each of the areas are fully described. Many beautiful photographs supplement the factual information. (*Paper bound* $2.50)

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TRADE Winds

THE LITERARY SCENE

• • In Pleasantville, J. P. McEvoy, editing a collection of *Reader's Digest* humorous trivia and filler for publication in book form, stopped to consider that old, old question, "How can you be sure you're going to make people laugh?" Mac has no glib answer. He falls back, instead, on an account of a disillusioning experience he had when he was writing the libretto of a musical for production by the "great" Ziegfeld. Its name was "The Comic Supplement" and the star was the immortal W. C. Fields. Ziggy watched a rehearsal glumly, and when a number called "The Back Porch" was completed, shouted, "Do you call that comedy? It's awful! You'll ruin me! It's out of the show!"

Fields and McEvoy knew it was the best number they had. They also knew that Ziegfeld, the Earl Wilson of his day when it came to appreciation of feminine anatomy, had no sense of humor whatever. They persuaded him to leave the sketch in the show when it opened in Washington. "It's just to shut you two up," he conceded grudgingly. "The audience won't laugh." But the audience did laugh. In fact, it all but fell into the aisles for ten solid minutes. McEvoy rushed triumphantly to Ziegfeld and demanded, "Do you hear them roaring?" Ziggy came up with the "stopper" of all time. He said, "They don't mean it."

• • In Wellesley, Geraldine Gordon, fabulously popular manager of the Hathaway House Bookshop for years on end, and the lady who almost taught me to distinguish a hydrangea from a peony, has decided to accept the less wearying role of chairman of the board of trustees. Elizabeth Fuller will replace her on the active front.

• • In Grand Junction, Colorado, Craig Rice reported to the Polack Brothers Circus. She will "wash elephants, sell tickets, clean lion cages" and incidentally soak up atmosphere for her next book for S. & S.

• • In *Magazine Industry*, a note explained how *Esquire* got its name. The editors originally wavered between "Trend" and "Stag," only to discover that both titles had been preempted by others. The lawyer who conveyed the bad news addressed his letter to "David Smart, Esquire." Smart looked at the envelope, and a light came into his eyes. Incidentally, the editors of *Esquire* pronounce it with the accent on the last syllable.

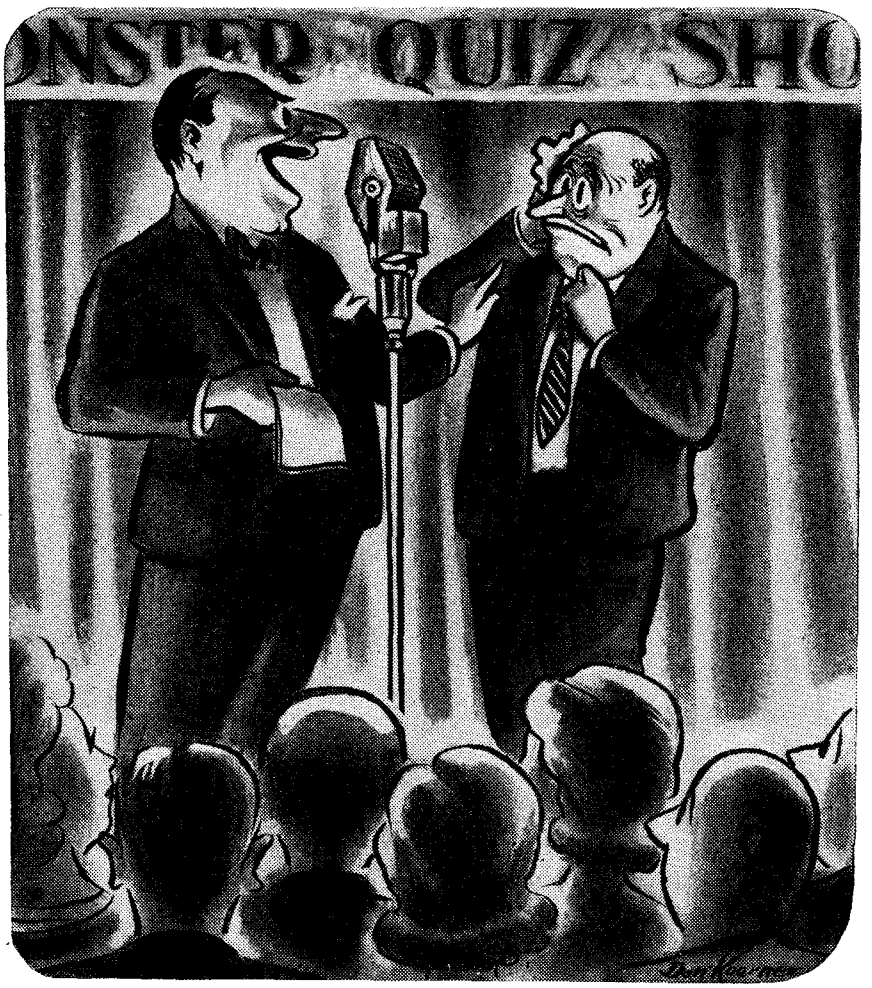
• • Backstage at the Winter Garden, Equestrienne Carolyn Coggins confessed, "The last time I rode I wanted to go one way and the horse wanted to go the other." "What happened?" asked a Mr. Slattery. Carolyn explained, "The horse tossed me for it."

• • In Richmond, Virginia, a new literary magazine called *The Footnote* is causing much favorable comment. Editor Susan Ann Quinn will supply details upon request. Address P. O. Box 71.

• • In New York, the age-old art of hand-embossed, gilt-edged bookbinding seems fated to die out when Gaston Pilon retires from the field. Examples of the seventy-one-year-old Pilon's impeccable handiwork are in most of the great libraries of the world. One of his most prized commissions was for thirty-five special, goatskin-leather-covered volumes of "Crusade in Europe" for General Eisenhower. His art, however, involves the use of more than 4,000 engraver's tools, requires infinite patience and skill. Apparently no Americans care to carry on his work. "I conducted a school in gold-tooling and binding, but only a few rich people came, and with them it was just a hobby; they queet when it became really hard," said Pilon sadly the other day. "Seven times, too, I tried to train apprentices. They also queet. Poof! Too much work; too leetle money."

• • In San Francisco, an indignant lady returned for credit a copy of the Kinsey report. "I don't see," she complained, "why he had to portray all men's baser instincts when they have such beautiful ones. I'd like to exchange this for a dictionary about the same size."

• • In Nashville, A. L. Crabbe, literary pride of Tennessee, completed another of his sure-fire historical novels, "A Mockingbird Sang at Chicka-



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GANDHI & THE WAY TO PEACE

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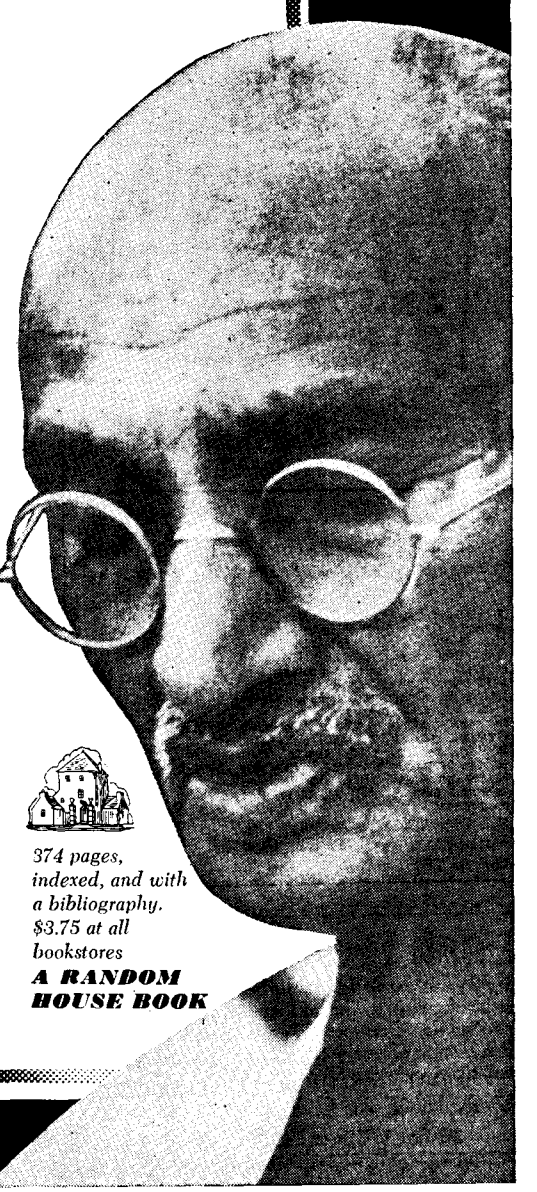
(—in the Book-of-the-Month Club News.)

"BEFORE CHOOSING this remarkable book as a Book-of-the-Month Club selection, the judges discussed it for many hours. This was not because we were doubtful of its value—indeed it may almost be said to have insisted on selecting itself—but because the richness of its appeal made it a natural fomenter of lively conversation. Its author is one of the most Byronically picturesque figures of the current American literary scene, and LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT cannot avoid being thought of as a climactic turning-point in the spiritual quest begun fourteen years ago with his PERSONAL HISTORY. But, beyond that, what will surely make it one of the most-discussed books of the year is the fact that its author, an intelligent Westerner, was present in the flesh at one of the most crucial moments in modern history, perhaps in human history, and that he became inspired with the idea of relaying to other Westerners the full meaning of that moment.

"That Mr. Sheean in September, 1947, then living in a Vermont farmhouse, already had the conviction that Gandhi would be martyred by his own people; that nine days before the assassination he wrote a letter to his magazine editor explicitly predicting the event; that he had long and moving talks with Gandhi during the days just preceding it; that, at the moment of the murder he was within a few feet of the victim and passed through what some would call a mystical agony—including the stigmatic appearance of blisters on the third and fourth fingers of his right hand: these circumstances impart to the book a special dramatic urgency, an I-was-there atmosphere hard to resist. This dramatic pressure is further increased by the fact that the death of Gandhi was the climactic event that turned Mr. Sheean away from the religion of the West—which is materialism—and filled him with a conviction of God.

"Yet all these fascinating circumstances, all this Personal History, can be discounted, if the reader is so inclined; and the book will stand. It will stand as a record, admittedly sympathetic, of the meaning of a great life, as an illumination of the creative ideas of a human personality who dared, in our godless day, to live by the spirit within him, and who proved by his deeds that such a life is the only truly 'practical' one.

"Yes, this is a book with a message. The message has power—we know that, for it has partly revolutionized the lives of hundreds of millions of Asiatics. It has power to move us Westerners, too—power to stop us in our tracks, to force us to re-examine, in the light of a life greater than ours, the basis of our conduct and beliefs. Perhaps, if we can but bend our rationalist, skeptical tempers to its influence, we may gain from this vision of Gandhi's life and martyrdom a faith in the capacities of the human spirit that we sorely need."



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mauga," scheduled for fall by Bobbs-Merrill.

• • In Los Angeles, Joseph A. Brandt, ex-president of Henry Holt, has been named to organize a department of journalism at UCLA. A perfect choice!

• • In New York, the Dell Publishing Company, reports Vice President Helen Meyer, distributed more than twelve million quarter books in the six-month period ending March 31. That's a powerful lot of books, no matter how you look at them! Another twenty-five-cent book tycoon, Robert de Graff, of Pocket Books, has signed up for an entire floor in the new skyscraper being built one block north of St. Patrick's. Apparently quarter books form one sector of the publishing field that is depression-proof.

• • In Salt Lake City, Zion's Book Store is owned and operated by Samuel Weller. Lou Epstein, headed homeward from the ABA convention to his flourishing Pickwick Bookshop on Hollywood Boulevard, tried desperately but vainly to persuade Weller to come with him. Gone is his dream of hearing customers ask, "Is Mr. Pickwick in?" and being able to answer, "No, but there's Sam Weller."

• • In London, the new dramatic sensation is a play called "Daphne Laureola," starring Edith Evans. Ducats are harder to come by than a pair in New York for "South Pacific."

• • In Hollywood, Irving Hoffman broadcast the story of the writer's wife who asked her husband, "Have you a good memory for faces?" "Superb," he replied. "What luck," said the wife. "I've just broken your shaving mirror."

• • In Chicago, a luncheon was given in honor of Vincent Starrett, and celebrities from all over the country rose to pay him homage. Starrett beamed on the assemblage and remarked, "The older I grow the more I like the philosophy of Gene Rhoades's cowboy who said, "Give me more taffy and less epitaffy."

• • In Boston, Little, Brown announced the publication, in November, of a first novel called "Sinners Come Away," by Leon Wilson. The author is the son of the Wilson of "Ruggles of Red Gap" fame.

• • In a Midwestern bookshop, a clerk addressed a personal request to Alfred A. Knopf: "Kindly rush jackets for five Respectful Prostitutes."

• • In Washington, a flashy peroxide blonde approached the book stall at the Greyhound Bus depot, and asked for something "snappy" to read. Dave Siegel suggested a new best seller that she spurned after a cursory examination, saying, "There are too many big words here I don't understand." The alert Siegel produced a glossy five-dollar dictionary and suggested, "With this at your side, you can read anything." The blonde tested the weight of the dictionary, and said, "Young man, if you think I'm going to lug anything this heavy from one hotel to another every night, you're crazy."

• • In New York, James Oliver Brown, formerly of Sydney A. Sanders and Little, Brown, has opened his own literary agency at 17 East 49th Street.

• • On a Madison Avenue bus, Howard Treeger sat behind two nuns, and heard one observe, "Why do you suppose all the girls are wearing silver foxes this season? It makes them look exactly alike!"

• • In London, a pilot who had transported the editor of *Look* across the ocean boasted, "I've been carrying Cowles to Newcastle."

Cowles, incidentally, tells of a famous columnist who was retiring for several months to write a book, and was afraid that it would be a case of "out of sight, out of mind" with some of the editors who used his stuff. "Can you suggest a way to hold their interest while I'm buried in the woods with my novel?" he asked. Cowles suggested, "Find out the names of the men who actually buy your column for their various papers, and be sure to send them personal cards while you're away. You might even send them a few stray columns free of charge from time to time." The writer took Cowles's tip, finished his book, and returned to New York. He called Cowles immediately. "Mike," he said, "that was wonderful advice. I've got a pile of fine letters on my desk from those fellows I wrote to, and I didn't lose a single paper." The next day, however, he called again—and this time there was an edge to his voice. "My report was a trifle premature," he said. "I find that one single paper canceled my column after all while I was away. It was yours!"

—Bennett Cerf.

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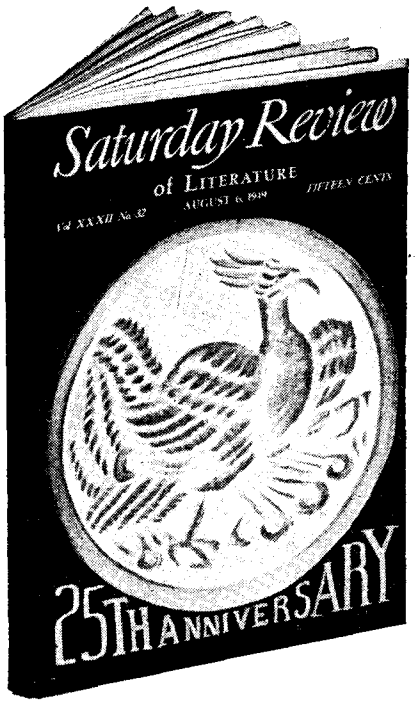
IMPORTANT NEWS ABOUT THE *Saturday Review's* 25th ANNIVERSARY ISSUE



One of the important publishing events of 1949

The August 6th Anniversary Number of *The Saturday Review* will be one of the most valuable single issues ever published by an American magazine. In the pages of this greatly expanded publication leading American writers and critics will contribute features and articles about the worlds of books, ideas, the arts and entertainment.

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A COMPLETE ROTOGRAVURE PICTURE AND FEATURE SECTION

Pictures and text dealing with the books, ideas and personalities of the past 25 years. This section will be organized and edited by ROGER BUTTERFIELD, author of *The American Past*.

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2. IDEAS. Edited by NORMAN COUSINS. Ideas that have been shaping history in the past 25 years, ideas in such fields as science, philosophy, history, politics, religion.

3. ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT. Edited by JOHN MASON BROWN. 25 years of the theater, motion pictures, music, art and the dance will receive the attention of an impressive list of notables in each field.

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Fact and Fiction

Judith Kelly's smooth and succinct novel, A DIPLOMATIC INCIDENT, has made controversy among reviewers which the headline writers are about to settle. A DIPLOMATIC INCIDENT went from author's hands to publisher's in the summer of 1948, from publisher to public in early June of 1949; yet even now the public occasionally finds Miss Kelly's invention incredible. Reviewers express all shades of no and yes . . .

DISBELIEF: "that Russia can be changed from within" is "an engaging possibility"; " . . . couldn't believe in this undiscovered religious Russian underground . . . " — Lewis Gannett, New York Herald Tribune.

DOUBT: "Miss Kelly's notion of an anti-Kremlin Russian underground is not, to be sure, inconceivable . . . " — Elena Zarudnaya, New York Times Book Review.

HOPE: " . . . a few of Dostoievski's Christians must still be around somewhere . . . A DIPLOMATIC INCIDENT should not be attacked as a mere fairy tale of wishful thinking. It is a novel that offers provocative suggestions and no easy answers . . . " — John McGiffert, New York Herald Tribune Book Review.

BELIEF: "This, by coincidence, may be an unwitting parallel to an actual underground reported to be working in Russia today by an anonymous Catholic priest in the newly published 'God's Underground'." — Frank O'Neill, Cleveland News.

CONVICTION: " . . . a novel as up-to-date as tomorrow's headlines . . . " — Wings (Literary Guild Review).

"Tomorrow's Headlines"

"TOMORROW'S HEADLINES" CREEP UP SUGGESTIVELY:

15 EVANGELICAL MINISTERS INDICTED ON SPY CHARGES BY REGIME IN SOFIA[1]

YUGOSLAVS JAIL PRIEST[1]

ARMED PEASANTS IN SLOVAKIA PROTECT PRIESTS FROM REDS[2]

SLOVAK RIOTS BRING PEACE PLEA BY REDS: CATHOLIC RESISTANCE IS SHOCK TO REGIME[3]

A Vatican source said today the last Lithuanian Catholic Bishop to hold office had gone underground to continue his mission.[4]

In "God's Underground" Father George reports "the strongest Christian underground the world has seen since the martyrs of the catacombs toppled the Roman Empire."

READ

A Diplomatic Incident

for entertainment, for ideas. It suggests "a story by Graham Greene told in terms of Tolstoyan ideas." — Charles Poore, New York Times.

[1] February 11, 1949, New York Times
[2] July 3, 1949, New York Times
[3] July 4, 1949, New York Herald Tribune
[4] July 4, 1949, Associated Press

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The Saturday Review of Literature

World Playbill No. 1

Shakespeare Kept the Right Company

MARCHETTE CHUTE

—*Shelburne Studios.*

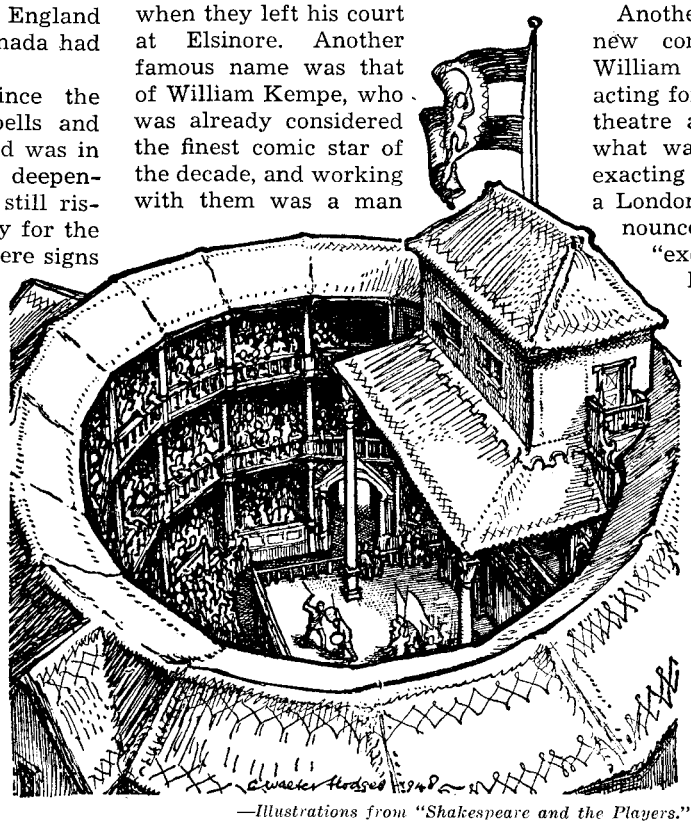
Marchette Chute

ANY reasonable person would have decided, in 1594, that the Elizabethan theatre was dead. For nearly two years the playhouses of plague-stricken London had stood empty, tenanted by spiders instead of audiences, while the actors toured the provinces and struggled to keep their companies together. Playwrights like Marlowe and Greene, who had helped to fill the theatres to capacity in the golden days before the plague, were no longer living, and the youthful brilliance and excitement that belonged to England in the great days of the Armada had died with them.

Six years had passed since the Armada victory, with its bells and bonfires, and by 1594 England was in a mood of anti-climax and deepening frustration. Prices were still rising, taxes had gone up to pay for the war with Spain, and there were signs of the beginning of a business depression. The young writers who made their appearance towards the end of the decade cannot be blamed for sharing the general atmosphere of fin-de-siècle gloom. They were clever young man who knew very little about the past glories of the Elizabethan Age, and they wrote increasingly cynical satires on the low state of civilization in general and London's in particular.

It was clearly not the right time to launch any new theatrical ventures; but people in show business are usually optimists, and the Elizabethans were no exception. In the spring of 1594 the various actors who had been struggling for existence in the provinces moved back to London and reorganized themselves. Each company operated under a patron, for legal protection, and one company was lucky enough to get the patronage of Queen Elizabeth's cousin, the Lord Chamberlain himself.

The actors who made up the new Chamberlain's company included some of the most illustrious names in the profession. Among the senior members were George Bryan, Augustine Phillipps, and Thomas Pope, all well-known and excellent actors. When Pope and Bryan toured the Continent a few years earlier they had been so popular that the King of Denmark supplied them with a special carriage when they left his court at Elsinore. Another famous name was that of William Kempe, who was already considered the finest comic star of the decade, and working with them was a man of quiet, steady intelligence named John Heminges, who eventually became the dean of the English stage.



—*Illustrations from "Shakespeare and the Players."*

A playhouse—perhaps the Globe—in Shakespeare's day.

These five had been touring together during the plague in association with an extremely popular actor from a rival company, since a pooling of forces was the only way to keep alive. But when they returned to London the popular actor left to head an organization of his own, and the Chamberlain's Men offered what they hoped would be a counter-attraction in young Richard Burbage. In spite of his youth, Burbage had been a successful actor for the past ten years. He had practically been born in the theatre, since his father was not only an eminent actor but the first theatre-builder in England, and the stage was part of Richard's blood and bone.

Another promising member of the new company was thirty-year-old William Shakespeare. He had been acting for several years in the London theatre and had made a success of what was a difficult, uncertain, and exacting profession. Two years earlier a London publisher had publicly announced that Shakespeare was an "excellent" actor, and he must have been to have been eligible for the Chamberlain's company. Under the Elizabethan system, the actors were their own producers, responsible for every detail of the show from financing the script to costuming the lowliest spear-bearer. The companies were small, operating on the repertory system with a different bill every afternoon, and no actor would have been welcome in the organization unless he were capable of carrying his full share on and off stage.

Like many other actors of the period, William Shakespeare also wrote plays. This was the natural re-

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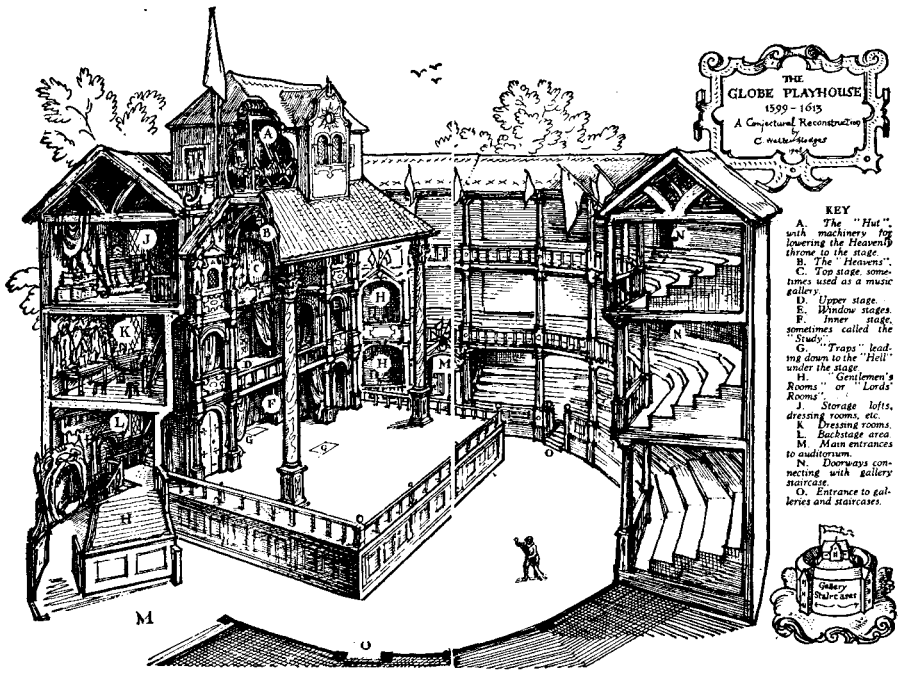
THE GLOBE PLAYHOUSE
1599 - 1613
A Conjectural Reconstruction
by
C. Walter Hodges
KEY
A. The "Hut", with machinery for lowering the Heavens throne to the stage.
B. The "Heavens".
C. Top stage, sometimes used as a music gallery.
D. Upper stage.
E. Window stages.
F. Inner stage, sometimes called the "Study".
G. "Traps" leading down to the "Hell" under the stage.
H. "Gentlemen's Rooms" or "Lords' Rooms".
I. Storage lofts, dressing rooms, etc.
K. Dressing rooms.
L. Backstage area.
M. Main entrances to auditorium.
N. Doorways connecting with gallery staircase.
O. Entrance to galleries and staircases.
Gabey Shirreff 1952

sult of a situation that involved actors in all the details of production, and Richard Tarlton, the master comedian of the Eighties, was only one of the many actors who turned out successful scripts. Sometimes a man might begin as a writer and then turn to acting, like Robert Armin, or he might begin as an actor and then turn to writing, like Ben Jonson, but there were also those who could carry on the two professions simultaneously. Thomas Heywood, for instance, had a long and successful career as an actor and at the same time he worked on the scripts of more than 200 plays.

When Shakespeare joined the Chamberlain's company in 1594 he brought several plays with him into the company's repertoire. He had been experimenting in various techniques and had been reasonably successful in all of them, but his most successful plays with the public had been bloody melodramas like "Henry VI" and "Titus Andronicus." "Titus Andronicus" had been so popular that it had already been produced by three different acting companies; and when the newly-organized Chamberlain's company opened to the public in June of 1594 they also presented "Titus Andronicus," along with three other reliable scripts that they hoped would attract the London public.

THE Chamberlain's company opened under difficulties, since none of the regular London theatres was available and they had to stage their four plays at an unpopular playhouse at Newington Butts, which, moreover, they were obliged to share with their chief rivals. The Chamberlain's Men managed to get in six performances, including two of "Titus Andronicus," and with that feeble and unpromising beginning the greatest theatre company in the history of the world was launched.

The next few years were not easy ones for the new company. The threatened business depression became a bleak reality, and the luxury trades were among those that felt it most. There was a succession of wet years and bad harvests, and the rains that Titania blamed on Oberon in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" not only drowned the standing grain but also threatened the actors' costumes and their profits. In addition, the company's powerful patron, the Lord Chamberlain, died two years after the company was formed and for a time his post at court was held by a man who hated plays. In this the new Lord Chamberlain had the enthusiastic support of the mayor of London, who was convinced that the theatre was a sink of iniquity and who repeatedly appealed to the Privy Council and to the Archbishop of Canterbury to suppress the wicked and parasitic business in which Shakespeare and his fellow actors were engaged. In 1597, the year in which Shakespeare's company was acting "Romeo and Juliet," the forces of embattled civic righteousness were momentarily successful and all the actors had to leave town until things quieted down.

By this time Richard Burbage had become one of the most popular actors in London. His colleague William Shakespeare had been supplying him steadily with the kind of scripts that most actors see only in their dreams, and Burbage's performance in "Richard III" was a milestone in theatrical history. Burbage did not always get the leading parts, since the company was a repertory one and did not use the star system. When "Romeo and Juliet" was being cast, for instance, Will Kempe got the minor role of Peter, and Kempe was the greatest comic actor in London. The Chamberlain's company operated as a unit, intent upon the welfare of the group as a whole rather than the glorification of a single individual, and on that principle it grew and flourished.

William Shakespeare flourished with it, and his position was an enviable one. He was not under the strain of trying to support himself by writing plays. This would have been an impossibility, since he wrote an average of two plays a year and the usual payment for a script was only seven or eight pounds. Shakespeare made his living as an actor, dividing the profits at the end of the week with the other actors of the company, and he was consequently able to do his writing without any sense of financial pressure. Once the play was written he did not have to worry about the quality of its production. The various problems of casting and costuming and interpretation were solved by men like Burbage and Heminges and Shakespeare working in a close cooperation that strengthened as the years went on, and each of his plays reached the stage without waste or friction or heartbreak, as good a production as great artists, good workmen, and close friends could make it.

IT IS evident from the variety of Shakespeare's plays that the men of the Chamberlain's company made no attempt to dictate what kind of material their great colleague should write for them. No one suggested he should follow "Richard II" with another villain, or "Romeo and Juliet" with another pair of star-crossed lovers, or "A Midsummer Night's Dream" with another excursion into fairyland. Nor did anyone suggest that by contemporary standards his work was getting a little old-fashioned and that it was about time he set himself to mirror the realities of contemporary London. The Chamberlain's company made a hit, in 1598, with a comedy by Ben Jonson called "Every Man in His Humour," which started a long line of satiric comedies with contemporary backgrounds; but no one suggested that the company's own playwright might well try his hand at something along a similar line. Shakespeare was one of the actors in "Every Man in His Humour" and his name appears with Burbage's at the top of the list. But the play made no impression on his own way of writing and his next comedies were "Much Ado About Nothing" and "As You

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Like It," with plots at least ten years out of date.

During this same year of 1598 Richard Burbage was faced with a private business problem, and he turned for help to his friends and fellow actors of the Chamberlain's company. Richard and his older brother, Cuthbert, had inherited a building called the Theatre, which had the distinction of being the oldest playhouse in England but which was tottering under a burden of lawsuits and debts. The owner of the land on which it was built finally decided to tear the building down, but Cuthbert Burbage had poured a great deal of his own money into the Theatre and neither he nor his actor brother was willing to see it destroyed. It needed more money than the two men possessed to dismantle the building and move in somewhere else, and so they turned to Richard's colleagues in the Chamberlain's company.

The five actors to whom the Burbages turned, and whom Cuthbert rightly characterized as "those deserving men," were Shakespeare, Heminges, Kempe, Phillips, and Pope; and with these five men the Burbages worked out an altogether new arrangement in English theatre history. The actors already had joint ownership of scripts, costumes, and properties, but now they were also to have joint ownership of a theatre. Each of the five bought a tenth share of the new enterprise, the remainder being held by the Burbages themselves. Armed with this new backing, Cuthbert and Richard and their indomitable mother spent a lively time superintending the dismantling of the old building. The lumber was ferried across the Thames and reassembled in a modernized structure by a competent theatre architect. When the building was opened to the public in 1599 it was the finest theatre in London and had been given a new name by its seven owners. It was now called the Globe.

Will Kempe left the Chamberlain's company about this time, giving up his share in the building, and his place as chief comedian was taken by Robert Armin. Kempe had acted Dogberry in "Much Ado About Nothing" as one of his last roles with the company, and it was at about the same time the Globe produced "Henry V" and "Julius Caesar." Every year the fame and prosperity of the company increased, with the London public happily applauding Falstaff and Mercutio and Beatrice. Above all they applauded "Hamlet," and Burbage scored a personal triumph as the Prince.

Queen Elizabeth died in the spring

(*Continued on page 30*)

The World.

Two weeks ago we mentioned here how useful a survey of Western civilization such as J. J. Saunders's "The Age of Revolution" can be in helping to understand the significance of the day-to-day developments that claim the newspaper headlines. Last week we noted that contemporary man's search for spiritual certainty was being recorded in such new books as Vincent Sheean's "Lead, Kindly Light" and Dorothy L. Sayers's "Creed or Chaos?" The important book reviewed below incorporates something of both these qualities. Stringfellow Barr's "The Pilgrimage of Western Man" is at once a survey of the West since 1500 and a hopeful statement of the ability of man to attain a new Pilgrim City. . . . Less bright is the picture of the Soviet mind revealed in Russian Foreign Minister Andrei Y. Vyshinsky's textbook on "The Law of the Soviet State," recently published in English.

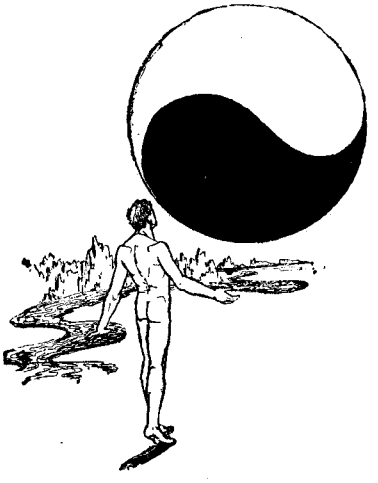
Search for One World

THE PILGRIMAGE OF WESTERN MAN. By Stringfellow Barr. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 369 pp. $4.

By Raymond Walters, Jr.

STRINGFELLOW BARR has produced a rara avis—a thoughtful survey of the story of Western Man which manages to conclude on a hopeful and forward-looking note. Except for Arnold Toynbee, the historians and philosophers of the past quarter of a century have been inclined to take a dim view of Man and his prospects. But Western Man, especially that relatively new genus of Western Man the American, is an incorrigibly sanguine fellow. He is apt to welcome Mr. Barr's new reading of history because it offers at least a glimmer of hope and a plan of action, however sketchy, for his salvation.

In "The Pilgrimage of Western Man," Mr. Barr proposes an arresting thesis. It is that Western Man—the product of the culture that flourished in Western and Southwestern Europe at the dawn of modern times and has since fanned out across the globe—has a deep and abiding instinct to unite with his fellow men to achieve a peaceful and satisfying existence. Sometimes the instinct is submerged, as it has been on many occasions; but periodically it bobs to the surface and captures Man's heart and mind as "the vision of a Pilgrim City." Man in the middle of the twentieth century has it within his power to capture once again a vision of a Pilgrim City and to enjoy its benefits.



Mr. Barr picks up the story of Western Man in 1500, when he was cherishing a vision of a City of God—a Christian Society that moved "through a pagan world as the Children of Israel moved through the desert toward a Promised Land that would be home." All Western Europe was then called Christendom because it was held together by devotion to the teachings and jurisdiction of the Church of Rome.

The vision of the City of God was breached and finally lost when Western Man began to have economic and cultural contact with lands outside Christendom. The humanists, the artists, and the scientists revealed and celebrated the glory of this world. Merchants and traders appealed to Man's latent appetite for personal possessions. Having lost the vision of a City of God, Western Man now cherished a new vision, the vision of the City of Man.

The new vision reached its culmination in the nineteenth century. Its cornucopia, according to Mr. Barr, was the Machine, its God was Science. Monarchy was overthrown and democracy, dominated by a new class, the bourgeoisie, ran civic affairs. As Science and the Machine demanded ever wider areas for raw materials and for markets, Man grew restive over the

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restrictions imposed by state boundaries. By 1850 Prince Albert of Great Britain was asserting that his was an era of "most wonderful transition . . . [which] tends to accomplish that great end to which indeed all history points—the realization of the unity of mankind."

Then the vision of the City of Man was rudely and unexpectedly shattered when, in 1914, "hell broke loose" over Western civilization. After World War I, the Western world struggled valiantly to regain the dream, but it never succeeded. The national states remained, sovereign as ever, despite their ineffectual efforts to cooperate through a league of nations.

Today, Mr. Barr concedes, Western Man lacks a vision of any kind, and his prospects are black. Two new giants, modern Russia and modern America, which "had been called into being by Western Europe," appear to be girding themselves for a struggle over Europe's prostrate form. The activities of the United Nations gloomily resemble the futilities of the old League of Nations. The soul of Western Man is being fought for by four ideologies, ideologies which Mr. Barr admits he "briefly and inaccurately" labels as Democracy, Communism, Fascism, and Christianity.

Mr Barr does not say which ideology he prefers; indeed, he implies that he finds none of them completely to his liking. But he does make clear, in ringing and moving passages, his conviction that, if Western civilization is to survive, Western Man must embrace a third vision, the vision of the City of One World. He hails the call made in 1947 by a group of members of the British Parliament for a People's World Constituent Assembly to meet in 1950 and attempt to draw up a constitution under which mankind might govern itself. It is, he grants, at best

> a forlorn hope in a period when all other hopes seem more forlorn. . . . A banner has been raised, a banner to which all the millions of men and women can rally and under which they can act together in a common cause, the establishment of law in the world community.

Mr. Barr has two disparate literary styles. The first half of his book exhibits many of the qualities of a first-rate textbook: clear fact-crammed paragraphs, with scrupulous attention to names, places, and dates, and a minimum of generalization. When he reaches the French Revolution, he suddenly adopts a radically different tack. Taking for granted that his reader is already familiar with the principal events of the last century and a half, he writes in a bold, free-swinging, hortatory style.

In the latter half of his book Mr. Barr seems to me to slight one of the fundamental themes of modern history—the flowering of nationalism. Mr. Barr skirts around this question with frequent references to the "nation-states" and spirited denunciations of one of its most unwholesome fruits, racism; but nowhere does he systematically analyze its cause or characteristics. As a proponent of world government, Mr. Barr apparently feels that nationalism is an evil, because it is a chief obstacle to his goal, and so it may well be; but if world government is to be achieved, its advocates will nevertheless have to pay it a good deal of attention.

As a compass to the immediate future, "The Pilgrimage of Western Man" is handicapped also by Mr. Barr's reluctance to discuss Russia. He denies—and he may be right—that Russian history is a part of the history of Europe. "Her roots are in Constantinople, not Rome; in the Hellenic, eastern portion of the Roman Empire, not in the Latin, western portion." Yet he is constantly having to allude indirectly to Russia. With both the future of Western Europe and the chances of achieving One World so obviously dependent upon Russia's actions, Mr. Barr should have told us more about Russia's past.

These are times when Western Man desperately needs some word of encouragement, some suggestions as to how he may salvage himself and his civilization. Mr. Barr's reading of history has its limitations and his plan for bringing about One World is a modest one, in all conscience; but his book should aid and comfort the bewildered heir of Christendom.

THE AUTHOR: It is not unlikely that at home in Virginia Stringfellow Barr, a stocky man with quantities of bristling brown hair, utilizes his entire seventeen acres of farm and forest to roam through a conversation. Currently confined as president of the Foundation for World Government to an improvised Park Avenue office, of not negligible footage, he prowls from chair to chair lighting and relighting cigarettes—a lively contrast in purplish-blue sports shirt and cerise tie to furnishings of rather tired gentility. "I took this thing," he said—momentarily reclining atop the conference table—, "because it seemed it had to be done. The Foundation is concerned chiefly with the technical problems confronting a world government—subsidizing research—getting hold of the right people. Our generation is moving damned rapidly. . . . Back in 1939 I was called a crackpot."

Until he read Clarence Streit's "Union Now" "Winkie" Barr hadn't seen the necessity for world government—a conversion that somewhat changed the conclusions he diagrammed for "The Pilgrimage of Western Man" in 1936, when he interpreted people's fumbling for unity of some type as a yearning for authoritarianism.

In a year or two, if the Foundation is running well, he hopes to return to academic life and continue elsewhere on a larger scale the Great Books curriculum he initiated at St. Johns College when he became president in 1937. Nine years later he resigned to start a similar school in Massachusetts, but the proposed Berkshire College, despite a $4,500,000 endowment, had to be abandoned in 1947 because of building costs and personnel problems. The Great Books idea grew out of his studies at Balliol College, Oxford, as Rhodes scholar, the Sorbonne, and University of Ghent, several years' teaching at the University of Virginia, and his explorations with the Chicago Committee on Liberal Arts under Hutchins.

Barr's first book was "Mazzini—Portrait of an Exile"; his next will be one that was interrupted years ago—a history of the rise and fall of the Graeco-Roman world treated as a unit. Extracurricularly, he is keen about organic agriculture, reforestation, and erosion control. "The quicker we find the right machinery to develop backward areas in the world the better."

He organized and during its first thirteen weeks was moderator for the radio program "Invitation to Learning," on which he appears from time to time. He has also "messed with" sculpture, painting, music—practically everything. "I find very few things uninteresting," he said, halting for a few seconds to rip open a fresh pack of Camels. "The cold war is not very interesting but practically everything else is." —R. G.

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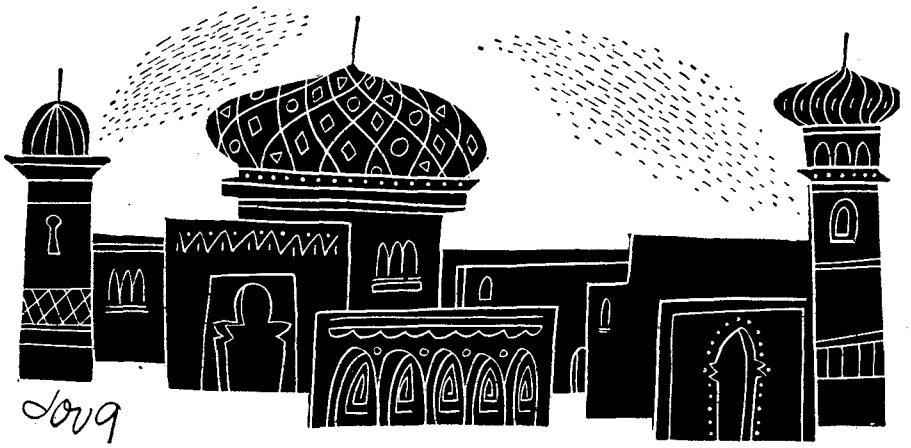

Infallible Dogma in Black & White

THE LAW OF THE SOVIET STATE. By Andrei Y. Vyshinsky. New York: The Macmillan Co. 749 pp. $15.

By PHILIP E. MOSELY

NUMEROUS sessions of the United Nations and of the Council of Foreign Ministers have been enlivened, if seldom enlightened, by the intellectual acrobatics of Andrei Vyshinsky. Never at a loss for a homely Russian proverb or an obscure historical allusion to emphasize his argument, the present Soviet Foreign Minister shines in debate. On many occasions his sledge-hammer style, ignoring facts which are evident to other eyes and attributing all manner of sinister motive to those who disagree with him, has merely served to create those "automatic majorities" against which he protests so loudly. Unlike Vyacheslav Molotov, however, Vyshinsky brings a certain gusto to these sparring matches, and at times laughs with real appreciation even when the point of his own joke happens to be turned against him.

Wherein lies the doctrinal basis of Soviet insistence upon the unwavering virtue of Soviet policy and the inherent sinfulness of the "West" and all its doings? An important body of material illustrating the rigidity of Soviet doctrine has been made available through the publication in English of Vyshinsky's "Law of the Soviet State." Following the abrupt purge of legal scholars in 1937 and the disappearance of Pashukanis, Reisner, and other luminaries, this basic textbook was prepared by a "collective" of Soviet jurists, under Vyshinsky's editorship. It has been translated by Professor Hugh Babb, of Boston University, as a part of the Russian Translation Project of the American Council of Learned Societies, which has been designed primarily to give American students of Russian life direct access to a body of significant works which shape Soviet thinking.

In all respects the choice of the Vyshinsky volume for this series is a fortunate one. Since 1938 it has been the required text in constitutional law for all university students, second in authoritativeness only to the Stalin-edited "History of the CPSU." In it the American reader can feel the direct impact of the dogmatic, 200 per cent self-righteous interpretation of Soviet democracy and the searing contempt for "bourgeois" democracy which must be accepted without qualm or deviation by the thousands of teachers and the hundreds of thousands of students in the Soviet Union. Mr. Vyshinsky is in no danger from the current purge of "cosmopolitans," whose chief crime seems to be their having found some minor merits in the sciences, arts, or letters of the non-Soviet world. For Mr. Vyshinsky the only virtue of "capitalist" democracy is that it is dead, even if it does not know it yet.

Do Soviet readers of Vyshinsky ever look behind their shoulders when they are told that "...only in the Socialist state is inviolability of the person of citizens ... truly guaranteed . . ."? Only there is freedom of association genuinely available, although, of course, the Communist Party "...is the directing nucleus of all the organizations of the toilers, both social and state." While in bourgeois countries political parties are an expression of unresolvable class conflicts, the Soviet state " . . . naturally does not include freedom of political parties ... inasmuch as this freedom, in the conditions prevailing in the USSR, where the toilers have complete faith in the Communist Party, is necessary only for agents of Fascism and foreign reconnaissance . . ." Each Union Republic is free to withdraw from the federal state, but "of course we have no republics which would in fact put the question of withdrawing from the USSR."

On the other hand, "in bourgeois states the category of fundamental civil rights has no constitutional standing, and is in fact annulled through the issuance of a vast quantity of ordinary laws and orders regulating the enjoyment thereof." "...Every type of bourgeois state—even the most 'democratic'—is a machine to crush and repress the toilers ... a bludgeon in the hands of the exploiters against the exploited."

"Not a single capitalist state has truly universal suffrage." "Giddings, an American professor, considers that by reason of the terror occurring at elections only 5 per cent of the voters of the country vote freely." "There is no bureaucracy in the USSR"; "all the force of the bourgeois state is comprised in its state machinery—its bureaucracy and its standing army."

Does Vyshinsky believe this picture of unrelieved black and white? Several decades ago, as a student of law he heard the workings of constitutional and parliamentary government explained in great detail. As a young lawyer he reportedly sympathized with the Mensheviks, a wing of Russian Social Democracy which gave equal weight to the development of political and individual liberties, and to the removal of social injustices. Vyshinsky has long since vanquished any "bourgeois" inclination to the exercise of individual judgment, and it would be a disservice to his career to assume that he wrote or approved any line of his textbook with tongue in cheek. Vyshinsky, the diplomat, upholds by doctrinaire assertion and elaborate casuistry the picture of the perfect Soviet society and its opposite, the "decadent" West.

When dogma overshadows fact and obedience requires unfailing repetition of dogma, the complete concentration of power takes on a terrifying quality of blindness. That is the real danger of the Soviet system of indoctrination—a danger which may become fully evident only when the last men of the revolutionary upheaval make way for a new generation which has been trained to see the world only through the distorting mirror of infallible dogma.

Philip E. Mosely, professor of international relations at the Russian Institute of Columbia University, is author of "Russian Diplomacy and the Opening of the Eastern Question" and translator of V. M. Chernov's "The Great Russian Revolution."

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Fiction. *The old conception that there is an innate goodness in man that can be destroyed by contact with modern civilization is illustrated by two novels reviewed this week. In Robert Christie's fable the people of a forgotten village in the Andes are by nature innocent of heart and free from evil. An escaped Nazi for a time destroys this pastoral Eden. Aubrey Menen's "The Stumbling Stone" is the same morality story in reverse. In this novel a saintly Englishman returns to London from a lifetime of good deeds in India. A satanic playwright finds it necessary to corrupt him by involving him in the case of a delinquent youth that is absorbing England. Van Van Praag's novel of the Normandy invasion gains power by limiting the time interval from dawn to dark of a single day. The exhaustion of men, the stupidity of the higher command, the insane irony of war itself have rarely found more dramatic expression.*

The Infantryman's War

DAY WITHOUT END. By Van Van Praag. New York: William Sloane Assoc. 261 *pp.* $3.

By Edmund Fuller

AN ARISTOTELIAN unity of time and place characterizes this concentrated account of a single day's action, near St. Lo, in the battle of Normandy. For Lieutenant Paul Roth, platoon leader, and his men it is the fifty-ninth consecutive day of action. The relief, promised for weeks, has not come, and except for a handful of green replacements all of them are approaching an acute state of battle fatigue. From a pre-dawn patrol to a terrible twilight, we follow Roth's platoon through every agonized, protracted moment of a day that seems to have been diverted from the time track and to run on forever.

There is no doubt that Mr. Van Praag knows what he is talking about. His unadorned, direct prose carries its own conviction and would persuade us even if we did not know that he writes from experience, and if we were not offered Bill Mauldin's statement that "this is the first combat novel I've found believable from beginning to end."

The interludes between actions; the releases, frustrations, or demoralization of leaves; the folks back home; the political overtones or higher meanings of it all; the top brass; the nurses; the other fronts and theatres and branches of the service have no part in the picture. This is the infantryman's war, as fought.

"The Burden," by Joseph Hirsch.

It is an ugly picture—and a familiar one. This is the limitation, rather than the fault, of an excellent book. There is a technical merit in the novel's plan of a focussed, unswerving, and undistracted attention upon an action. Perhaps there may be a cumulative effect here of a kind not achieved in other current war novels; perhaps certain minutiae of experience are uniquely recorded. I do not think, however, that any fundamental illumination of the nature of men at war has been provided that goes beyond the standard classics of realistic literature from the First World War or the best books about the Second. Hence, it is more of the same, though on a high level of quality and honesty.

The brutalization, the ghastly indignity and degradation of war are felt keenly by Mr. Van Praag. He records the fury of helpless rage at the stupidities and callousness in the chain of command. There is the Colonel, back of the scene of operations, who invariably insists that the impregnable position be taken against insane odds, or that the untenable and strategically meaningless post be held. Such follies are compounded by the confusion and stunned blunders of battle-dazed platoon leaders.

All the greater ironies are compressed into Mr. Van Praag's intensive day: the strafing and bombing of advancing American infantry by American planes; the shelling of our own front positions by rear-line artillery.

This suggests another weakness which is important though it might be just a little bit hard on the author. The one-day device runs into the problem of representativeness. If this test day of this sample platoon were to be taken as representative of all days and all platoons, the war could not have been won. The clarifying perspective by which these truths are related to other factors in the waging of this war is not supplied.

The men who meet this ordeal are well realized and differentiated. Motoya, the Mexican, a near criminal type but with an impregnable courage and infinite battle cunning, is quite subtly drawn. Sergeants Rodriguez and Warner, and the idealist McCrea, who is game but appalled as he realizes what he has let himself in for gratuitously, all are skilled portraits. These are dominated by the lonely, weary figure of Paul Roth, dragging his load of responsibility, fatigue, fear, and determination. He is a valiant man and his tortured struggle to the final point of total collapse and combat hysteria is greatly moving.

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Cain in Eden

INHERIT THE NIGHT. By Robert Christie. New York: Farrar, Straus & Co. 409 pp. $3.

By Nathan L. Rothman

MR. CHRISTIE has written a fable, a most wishful and idealistic fable, about what is probably man's most constant concern: the problem of power. If power corrupts and maddens—and we know that it does—by what means shall man survive the madness of those who possess it? How shall we overcome the man with the gun? The resistant gun has been the historic answer; we have survived a great deal of power madness that way, without being able to evade its effects or its recurrence. There is another answer that has been made from time to time, by such as Jesus and Gandhi: the resistance of moral force, which has had always to contend against the cry of *it doesn't work* from those who have never made anything else work either. It remains a proposition—perhaps in this era a particularly dim one. Now Mr. Christie clothes it in terms that are partially contemporary and instantly recognizable, along with others that we shall have to grant *a priori* and, I am afraid, with little faith.

Suppose there were a part of the world so set apart from the corruption and materialism that have beset it from time immemorial that the inhabitants of this place were naturally free of these things, naturally simple and innocent of heart, naturally good. That is the initial premise we must grant for the working out of Mr. Christie's fable. It is a village called San Cobar, somewhere in the Andes region on the other side of an inaccessible pass. Shangri-La was a paradise because of its people's supernatural wisdom. San Cobar is a paradise of ignorance. Its people have never heard of wars, have never seen a gun nor do they know what it is, and know of no force except the moral suasions of Padre José. Into this pastoral Eden stumbles Kurt Werden, who is nothing less than an escaped Nazi leader, a sufficient symbol of evil. He is greeted with love, which he recognizes at once as a malleable weakness. He proceeds to exert the force he knows so well how to handle. His words introduce fear and suspicion where none had existed; his gun induces terror and subservience. He is the first killer in San Cobar, and by his power of death he subdues them. For a time.

Then the moral resources of San Cobar are drawn up against this Cain —and Cain is subdued and destroyed by Manuel, who walks into Werden's gun and dies to demonstrate Werden's weakness; by Pablo, who restrains himself from killing Werden and attains real leadership over the men; by Padre José, who comes last and alone to banish Werden from San Cobar. You will have to believe many things and grant many things to go along with the fable to its triumphant end.

I think a fable may be judged in power according to the inevitable claim it makes upon our credence. It must ring true as an impeccable syllogism. On this basis Mr. Christie's is not one of the great fables but remains rooted on a lesser level among the earnest, hopeful fictions about things that ought to be. Here it ranks very well indeed, for Mr. Christie brings to his idealism the powers of a vivacious and colorful narrator. Begging the point at issue, you are certain to enjoy the romantic story that illuminates it.

—James Logan.

Robert Christie—"wishful and idealistic."

—Grace Stone.

Aubrey Menen—"often wicked wit."

Do-Gooders & a Saint

THE STUMBLING STONE. By Aubrey Menen. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 253 pp. $3.

By Pamela Taylor

THE promise of Aubrey Menen's first and brilliant novel, "The Prevalence of Witches," is amply realized by this second, equally entertaining book. "The Stumbling Stone" (see the Epistle of Paul to the Romans, IX, 32) is a sardonic, witty and provocative picture of professional do-gooders confronted by a really saintly man.

Colley Burton for twenty-five years "lived a blameless life among the heathen" of a remote Indian province, doing them all manner of good, until the Maharajah regretfully told him that since the British were leaving India, he, too, must go. He added gracefully that Burton was probably the only living British saint.

It remained for him to achieve that final distinction of sainthood, temptation by the Devil, when he returned again to live among the Christians. Convalescent after a year's terrible illness in some obscure Indian hill village, he was flown back to England. If he found his homeland surprising after a long absence, his return was completely disconcerting to "Lucky" Prynne, who, in common with those in England who knew Burton's name, had supposed him dead. Prynne, born in the slums of London, had worked his way to affluence and an enviable acquaintance with the international set by trading on the fact that vice was unquestionably the fashion of the Twenties. First as a gossip-column writer, then as the author of novels and plays portraying the upper classes as "expensively vicious and unnaturally witty," he became a byword for success. It had come as a shock, therefore, to find himself, after the late war, definitely on the shelf. The reason was not far to seek. It had become fashionable to do good. Vice was out, and virtue in. Having once diagnosed the difficulty, Prynne at once set out to cash in on the new craze. "The Story of Colley Burton," based on the reminiscences of a somewhat imaginative lady traveler who had encountered the saint in darkest India, was to outdo all of Prynne's previous plays in popularity.

No one realized more fully than "Lucky" Prynne how little foundation of truth was built into the play, nor how easy it would be for the returned Burton to put a legal end to its run and its handsome revenue. "Temptation" came quite naturally into

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Prynne's quick mind in this connection; what was needed was a new and tempting cause for the dispossessed saint. So he baited the trap with the famous case of one Charles Hopkins, so deeply and obstinately delinquent for all of his eighteen years that a film was being made about him.

Confident that her stupidity made her safe, Prynne enlisted Charles's sister's aid in interesting Burton. A beautiful blonde photographer's model, with the best legs in London, Penelope Hopkins's love and trust in Charles were the only stable things in his twisted world, and they were qualities which, while no part of Prynne's vocabulary, were immediately apparent to Colley Burton. As Prynne takes Burton through the higher philanthropic circles of London, Mr. Menen demolishes the psychiatrists, politicians, and reformers who use the ills of our civilization as a means of furthering their own ambitions. But beneath his often wicked wit lie compassion and understanding. Colley's and Penelope's struggle to save Charles is successful, but it is for the Hopkins' slightly mad neighbor to remind Burton that God, though He understands all, places a stumbling stone in the path of those who, striving for righteousness, are guided by the works of the law rather than by faith.

Deeply moving at times, at others hilariously funny, the original and piquant situation of "The Stumbling Stone" is developed into one of the most absorbing novels of the year.

Fiction Notes

THE BELOVED WOMAN, by Nancy Bruff. Coward-McCann. $3. Suppose the spirit were disembodied, able to communicate on its own terms, could barriers be conquered? Could the only great order of brotherhood be established? Miss Bruff sets this supposition and proves it heartbreakingly doomed to failure. The flesh is weak. Today we are heirs to that weakness. A thousand tomorrows we may have vaulted from strength to final strength. Meanwhile, existing cruelty is accepted with the shrug of insolubility.

A colored porter and a lost, ill young girl find communion through letters. He has seen her but hopes to keep his own identity secret. Rather, he acts as her remote loving mentor, caring for her mind, her body, and her creature comforts. It is the ultimate abnegation, making the shock of postponed revelation all the more fierce for both of them. Her broken,

(*Continued on page* 26)

Belles-Lettres.

During wartime it is not fashionable to debate the role of the artist in society. In times of emergency the writer and other intellectuals are expected to link arms with their fellow citizens in furthering the national effort. Because the problem of the relationship of the individual to the group had long engaged the talents of Virginia Woolf (see the review of Bernard Blackstone's new book on Miss Woolf on page 18*), many persons erroneously supposed it was the intellectual climate of wartime that caused her to take her own life in* 1941. *Now that the war is four years behind us, the issue is again being warmly argued—witness* SRL's *current debate over the Bollingen Award to Ezra Pound and the attitude of Philip Rahv expressed in "Idea and Image: Fourteen Essays on Literary Themes," reviewed below.*

Criticism at Large

IMAGE AND IDEA: Fourteen Essays on Literary Themes. By Philip Rahv. New York: New Directions. 164 pp. $3.

By Howard Mumford Jones

IN "Image and Idea" Philip Rahv has collected fourteen essays of his from *The Kenyon Review, The Partisan Review, The Southern Review, The New Republic,* and *The Nation.* These periodicals, together with the publication of the volume by the New Directions press, guarantee a certain approach and a certain value to the essays. When we learn that the substance of them deals with Henry James, Walt Whitman, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Tolstoy, Dostoievsky, Kafka, Henry Miller, William Carlos Williams, and Arthur Koestler (I omit a few names) and that the collection concludes with an attack on Bernard De Voto, we are prepared for the last sentences in the book. "In his [De Voto's] judgment the best American writers of our times are Carl Sandburg, E. A. Robinson, Willa Cather, Stephen Vincent Benét, and Robert Frost. The real trouble with him, one suspects, is that he loves literature not at all." Mr. De Voto has previously been accused of "philistinism." Can anything be more philistine than a judgment which states, hints, or sneers that Sandburg, Robinson, Cather, Benét, and Robert Frost are not among the best American writers of our time?

I am not sure that I know what the "new criticism" is, and I am not certain that Mr. Rahv is a new critic. But his essays display one quality which has become tiresome. It is the habit of making dark and dogmatic statements about the American literary past, notably in relation to the American literary present, at least, that is, as interpreted by Mr. Rahv.

For example, the opening essay. This lays down the proposition that American writers "viewed historically" appear to group themselves around two polar types—paleface and redskin. The paleface is James, the redskin is Whitman, and the national literature "suffers from the ills of a split personality." The palefaces dominated nineteenth-century American literature, and the redskins dominate twentieth-century American literature. When this sort of *obiter dictum* was uttered by the late Irving Babbitt or other members of the neo-humanist group, you took it for what it was worth as propaganda for their side. But Mr. Rahv seriously presents this formula in the first essay of his book as something profoundly serious and profoundly true. It is only a half-truth, one of those half-truths, uttered

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 317

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 317 will be found in the next issue.

FBDA GPC G HBJRI,

HGPPBS MA IEC.

—RABTRA IATMATS.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 316

He is only fantastical that is not in fashion.

—Robert Burton.

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dogmatically, that lead me to distrust the *obiter dicta* of contemporary criticism.

A second essay, "The Cult of Experience in American Writing," takes off where the first ends. Here are some representative sentences:

> While the idea that one should "live" one's life came to James as a revelation, to the contemporary European writers this idea had long been a thoroughly assimilated and natural assumption . . . it represents a momentous break with the then dominant American morality of abstention. The roots of this morality are to be traced on the one hand to the religion of the Puritans and, on the other, to the inescapable need of a frontier society to master its world in sober practice.

This seems to mean that at some indefinite time in the nineteenth century, an indefinite group of European writers had "assimilated" the idea that one should "live" one's life. But what writers? Did they mean "live" in the sense that James is supposed to mean it? Did James discover this startling truth only when he went abroad, as the old dig said, to read Turgeniev, or did he learn it primarily from that exciting, transcendentalist-flavored intellectual climate out of which his father came and in which some of his formative years were passed? And about this distinction between redskin and paleface—did they both "abstain"? If so, what becomes of the distinction between them? Abstain from what? From the pleasures of the table? From the pleasures of sex? From that rich and rugged individualism (and what else is "living one's own life" if not that?) which produced personalities as varied as Aunt Mary Moody, Emerson, and Davy Crockett?

I read, in the same essay, that "what James asks for, primarily, is the expansion of life beyond its primitive needs and elementary standards of moral and material utility; and of culture he conceives as the reward of this expansion and as its unfailing means of discrimination." I am glad that Mr. Rahv likes James and that he finds this distinguished craftsman in the company of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, for this is precisely the program of the poet nobody reads. Mr. Rahv, however, presents it to us in a Jacobean package as if, about the time of "The Ambassadors," American literature had suddenly, as he would say, come of age.

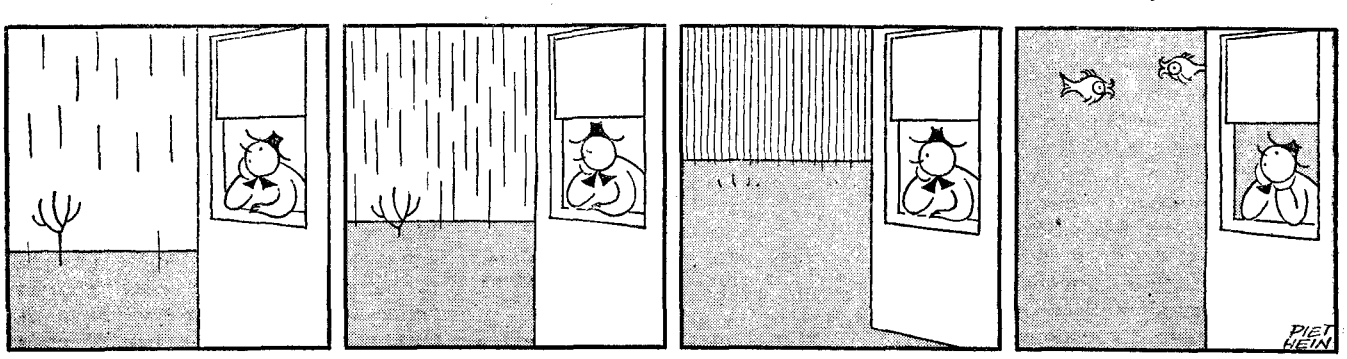
In the same essay I read this astonishing statement:

> It is plain that until very recently there has really been no urgent need in America for high intellectual productivity. Indeed, the American intelligentsia developed very slowly . . . and what is equally important, for more than a century now and especially since 1865, it has been kept at a distance from the machinery of social and political power.

Here are two propositions. The first is that until recently there has been no need for high intellectual productivity; and the second is that the present intellectual productivity has been kept at a distance from political power. Observe that we are never told what is meant by "high intellectual productivity." But if you measure high intellectual productivity in terms of the ratio of men of learning to the total population, seventeenth-century New England produced more of it than is now produced. If you measure it by scientific, philosophic, and literary achievement (the literary including history), I can only patiently point to the extraordinary work in science done by Americans long before "The Ambassadors"; to Puritan theology, to Jonathan Edwards and Samuel Johnson and Benjamin Franklin; to the transcendentalist movement; to the domination of Atlantic Coast literature by the Monthly Anthology Club, and the Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore, Richmond, and Charleston groups; to the appearance of Kent and Story in law; to the classic work of American historians from Jared Sparks down to John Bach McMaster; to the shaping of a constitutional structure by Marshall, Calhoun, Webster, Lincoln, and others; and to various other forms of "high intellectual productivity"—and I waive the question of imaginative writing. Of course, Mr. Rahv doesn't like this kind of intellectual productivity. But is it not high? Is it not intellectual? Is it not productive? When the papers of the First Continental Congress were produced in Parliament, a celebrated English statesman said he did not know where to look for argument more ably advanced.

The second proposition is that the intelligentsia is now kept, and has been kept since 1865, far from the machinery of social and political power. I had thought that the objection to the New Deal was that the intelligentsia were too close to the machinery of political and social power; and I had supposed that the uncomfortable closeness of scientists to political power was one of the problems in Washington today. If Mr. Rahv will but bethink himself, he will find some rather close connections between the intelligentsia and the State Department, notably in the field of international cultures; he will discover a rather interesting group of intelligentsia in the United States Senate, some of them with considerable intellectual achievement to their credit; and if he will but go to Madison, Wisconsin, he will discover an interesting working liaison between the State Capitol and the State University, a pattern duplicated in other commonwealths. And if Mr. Rahv says that this is not what he means by "high intellectual productivity" or by "American intelligentsia," what, in heaven's name, does he mean? Why does he make these sweeping statements?

Mr. Rahv is an untrustworthy historian of the national culture. On Henry James, on Tolstoy, on Dostoievsky, he has many penetrating things to say. I like his essay on Tolstoy especially. I cannot get as excited about Henry Miller as he does, but this, like other matters of esthetic judgment, I cheerfully waive. But I have borne so long the bad historical *sententiae* found in criticism of this sort, that, as a literary historian, I must protest against the sheer, unadulterated recklessness of statement in this kind of essay.



"The Bystander."

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Incomplete Mystic

VIRGINIA WOOLF: A Commentary. By Bernard Blackstone. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 255 pp. $3.75.

By Ben Ray Redman

LOOKING into an old notebook of mine, I find that I once jotted down, a good many years ago, some ideas for an article on Virginia Woolf. I do not know how closely the published version followed the notes, for my copy of the printed article has either been lost or is stored somewhere beyond reach, and memory fails to serve; but here are a few of the penciled sentences, probably written about 1930:

> She constantly surprises and charms us by the unexpectedness of her perceptions and by her ability to translate those perceptions into communicative language. She works with stuff of which literature previously has not been made; and we marvel at her ability to bind down, fasten, and interweave threads of pure gossamer. She fixes butterfly moments of sensation that are usually too quick for our nets and pins, and with deft hands scoops up thoughts that, when *we* reach towards them, slip like sly fish into the lower depths of consciousness. She is an amateur of the evanescent, of chameleon surfaces; and "Mrs. Dalloway," that darting, fluttering masterpiece, shows the perfection of her art in the form of fiction.

I have ventured to quote these lines because they say briefly a number of things which Mr. Blackstone says at much greater length and with an abundance of supporting evidence and argument. The surprises which Virginia Woolf has to offer us, her extraordinary perceptivity, her powers of communication, her substantial originality, her brilliant management of novel material, her artistic preoccupation with the passing moment, and her ability to capture the moment's fleeting values—all these are traits of Mrs. Woolf's art on which Mr. Blackstone spends much thought and many pages.

He does this in the course of a study that is penetrating, well organized, lucid, and persuasive. He writes frankly as one who is committed to profound admiration of his subject; but it is a wholly rational admiration, and if he is ready to forgive Virginia Woolf's deficiencies in fiction, for the sake of her peculiar virtues and dazzling achievements, he is fully aware that she lacked qualities and powers with which other novelists—both greater and smaller than herself—have been generously endowed.

Employing liberal quotation, paraphrase, synopsis, exposition, and critical commentary, he examines and elucidates Mrs. Woolf's literary career, book by book, from "The Voyage Out" (1915) to "Between the Acts" (1941). He sees it as a triple process and progress: as an unending search for values, as a continued involvement with certain themes and problems, and as a continuous experimentation with literary technique—an experimentation by which the novelist sought to free herself from what she considered the conventional tyrannies of the novel form.

Virginia Woolf—"a blank in her canvas."

The themes and problems with which Virginia Woolf was always and so deeply concerned were identified with the nature of love and its actual place in life; the possibility of freedom within the union of marriage; the relation of the individual—particularly the artist—to society; the intellectual subjection of women by men; the relation of humanity to the vast and invigorating non-human world of things; the nature of time, truth, and reality; and "the significance of momentary illuminations." Her technical experiments were a progressive rejection of almost all the traditional apparatus and furniture of the novel—plot, description, conversation, narrative links, and even characterization—in an attempt, finally, to work "her way towards the lyrical novel." And her search for values, her pursuit of truth and reality, led her no further than the acceptance of momentary values as the only kind available to man:

> To catch the moment, to understand its significance, its ecstasy, and slowly to distill its essence—that was for her the artist's task. . . . No one else has done anything like it in prose. It requires a sensitiveness abnormal, almost morbid; an intuition of the finest; a style the most lucid and precise that can be found. For now she has come to feel that it is in the moment alone that value subsists. We must not attempt to make a generalization, or construct a system. We must be content with fragments of meaning. They are all we shall get.

Incomplete mystic that she was, she could find ecstasy in the contemplation of things—a snail, a rock, a wave—but she could not take the step from this awareness of multiplicity to union with the One.

Mr. Blackstone points rightly to her painter's eyes and plastic sense, and declares that her "greatest virtue, in the long run," is "to make us see common things more clearly and intensely." He dwells correctly on her remarkable use of "the pure data of perception; the naked sensation which looms so large in all her later writing." He admits that her obsession with woman's inferior position in society became almost a mania; and he sadly records that "the monstrous onslaught of diabolism in world affairs" was "to tear her mind asunder." He realizes that her refusal to deal frankly with passionate love leaves "a blank in her canvas." He also recognizes her character failures, marking them down as conspicuous in "Night and Day." (In the notes from which I quoted earlier, I read: "Mrs. Woolf is marvelously acute when she is dealing with her characters in isolation: it is when she arbitrarily shoves them together and pulls them apart again—as she does with Denham and Katherine Hilberry in 'Night and Day'—that I feel her comparative failure as a novelist. Passions trouble her, almost as much as they troubled Rachel of 'The Voyage Out'; and her efforts to depict them are frequently fumbling.")

Indeed, I find myself in comfortable agreement with Mr. Blackstone at almost every stage of his investigation, exposition, and critical argument. He probably holds Mrs. Woolf in higher esteem—*qua* novelist—than I do. I believe she lacked too much, sought to get along without too much, and was too far removed from the common run of humanity—that too many human experiences were alien to her—for her to be a great novelist. But that she was a great writer, at her best, I can hardly disbelieve. And, to be fair, Mr. Blackstone claims no more for her. Certainly I agree with him when he writes: "She had an original vision of life, or rather a series of original visions, to impart: and for that she had to stand apart from contemporary fiction and create her own form. In that attempt she was magnificently successful."

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Stormy English Virgil

ALFRED TENNYSON. By Charles Tennyson. New York: The Macmillan Co. 579 pp. $7.50.

By ALFRED NOYES

SIR CHARLES TENNYSON, a grandson of the poet, has rendered good service to literature in this new biography of the English Virgil. For generations it has been the fashion, among those who follow the fashions, to accept the conventional idea that Tennyson's life was one of unruffled placidity. Dignity and reticence, those formidable sentries of the Dark Tower, have been mistaken for indications that the poet was lacking in human experience, especially at a time when only those who gibber are supposed to feel intensely. There is something, therefore, grimly humorous in the revelations now made by Sir Charles Tennyson. They completely shatter the portrait drawn by the conventional unconventionalists who took their tone from Taine, probably without having read him. Taine drew a contemptuous comparison between the supposedly peaceful background of Tennyson's life and the Bohemian environment of Alfred de Musset. He forgot that an ocean may be tranquil and that, in any case, waves do not indicate the depth. But here is an entirely new aspect of the matter. It should certainly please some of our "moderns" to know that both Tennyson and Arthur Hallam were once threatened with hanging at the yard-arm by a Dutch skipper, whose flag they had pulled down and reversed in a foreign port; that one of Tennyson's friends tried to buy a derelict brig and embark on a career of piracy in Eastern waters, and that the "Apostles," at Cambridge, of whom Tennyson was one, joined with the "pirate" in an attempt to bring about a revolution in Spain. Tennyson joined the revolutionaries in the Pyrenees, where most of them soon discovered that the idealism of "flaming youth" had got them into queer and unscrupulous company. When it was explained to Tennyson that a main feature of the plot was to cut the throats of all the priests in the country, and to murder rival leaders in their own party, he and most of the Apostles withdrew in disgust.

But the main point of this book is that Tennyson's supposedly quiet home at Somersby was the scene of a drama as dark and stormy as anything in "Wuthering Heights." Students capable of reading between the lines of such fierce poems as "Aylmer's Field" or some of the more bitter passages in "Maud" have always known that the picture of Tennyson dwelling peacefully among smug conventions was like accusing the sea of lacking salt. But few readers can have suspected the profound unhappiness of his early days. His father, unjustly disinherited, drugged his resentment by taking to drink and, despite his powerful mind and wide scholarship, became mentally unbalanced. In one of the scenes of violence at Somersby, he attacked the poet's elder brother with a knife, and for ten years had to be separated from his family. Two of the poet's younger brothers, Edward and Septimus, went mad. One of them was confined in a lunatic asylum until his death in 1890. Another brother took to opium and in one way or another all these burdens and responsibilities fell upon the sensitive spirit of the poet, who eventually "beat his music out"

There is just one word of critical warning that should be made here. All this new information, gathered by Sir Charles Tennyson himself from first-hand knowledge, is undoubtedly accurate; but when in some later pages he quotes from the memoirs of later writers, there is room for doubt. He quotes, for instance, a reminiscence from "The Life of Sir Edmund Gosse." This passage, I have first-hand authority for saying, is simply mythical. Churton Collins had exposed some inaccuracies in a book by Gosse, and the latter's resentment led him to put words into the mouth of Tennyson, as a little boy might call on his big brother to defend him against another little boy. Gosse tells us that on a visit to Tennyson's house in Surrey he found a garden party in progress; that he crept in, hoping to escape notice; and that Tennyson, presiding over a large tea table, caught sight of him and boomed out sonorously, "Gosse, do you know what I think of Churton Collins? I think he is a louse upon the locks of literature."

—*Dante Gabriel Rosetti* [1855].

Alfred Tennyson reading "Maud"—he was "once threatened with hanging."

In all other respects, the new biography is admirable. It completes rather than alters the former biography by Hallam Tennyson, which must always keep its place as the fountain-head for all biographies of the poet. But Tennyson emerges from this new portrait with new life and power as one of the most human of the great artists. The magnificent thing about him is that through all these troubles, he maintained his love and loyalty to every member of his family. We see the great poet emerging from his difficulties with one of the most finely balanced minds of the century, as devoted as Horace to the "golden mean." Indeed, it throws a new light on that splendid common sense to find that it was born of sharp experience. We see how he obtained his grasp of first principles, and was enabled thereby to look far into the future. The chief political danger of our own day was never more vividly illuminated than in the lines:

Chaos, cosmos; cosmos, chaos, once again the sickening game,
Freedom, free to slay herself, and dying while they shout her name.

Those lines were not born in an ivory tower, but in the mind of the young man who had met certain cutthroats in the Pyrenees. The famous lines

Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control
These three alone lead life to sovereign power

come from a background where the need for just those three qualities (and especially the self-control) was almost agonizing. Tennyson's lines, in fact, remind one of the words to which Saint Augustine gave so deep a meaning:

Let no man despise himself. We were nothing, but we have begun to be some great thing.

This was not an exhortation to egotism, but a reminder that we are members of something greater than ourselves.

"In Memoriam" also receives a new light. We know now why Tennyson spent nineteen years upon it. In the circumstances since revealed, the loss of that friendship must have shaken the foundations of his world. But he rebuilt them.

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Published by The Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Amy Loveman, Secretary.

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The Business of the Scholar

EDITOR'S NOTE: *For its guest editorial this week,* SRL *publishes in adapted form Irwin Edman's address at the recent annual dinner of the Society of the Libraries of New York University.*

THE scholar is by nature and inclination something of a contemplative and something of a monk. His passion is to understand and his preoccupation is to know. He loves learning for its own sake and the only empire he seeks to extend is that of the human mind. By his very disinterestedness he is the often unconscious servant of the society which sustains and supports him, for his work in turn sustains the tradition of free inquiry and of unhampered creative ideas. By being above the battle of opinions, he is the discoverer and revealer of truth. Only where scholarship is free to be itself can both freedom and originality survive. The responsibility of the scholar is to the requirements of his own inquiries. By following the lead of his own subject matter, he best serves that community whose immediate concerns he seems to ignore. For it is the business of the scholar to be an inquirer, a thinker, and only by virtue of his inquiries and thought to be a leader.

But for better or worse a scholar lives in society, and ideas and research have consequences. Ideas may change the opinions of men far outside the world of scholarship and scholarship, and techniques discovered in the laboratory may save or destroy mankind. Scholars are human beings, and they cannot help being aware of the larger world in which their own often highly special work takes place. They cannot, especially today, fail to note that mathematical formulas may issue in worldwide destruction, or that an idea meditated in a library may produce revolutions in the world. Scholars cannot help being concerned about the future of that culture in which the civilized values of scholarship originate and on whose survival they depend.

Many thinkers and scholars feel that their duty is still to remain in their walled worlds of learning, and that only where such dedicated and isolated research is maintained will civilization itself survive. But scholarship in isolation often develops defects of its own. The alleged detachment of research often becomes what Bacon called vermiculate learning. The so-called contemplation of philosophers may become elaborations of the trivial or the dubious. Reputedly high scholarship may be overrefined inquiry into the hopelessly negligible. Even philosophers get into the habit of talking only to each other, in a private professional language, gratuitously complicated and esoteric, unavailable to the generality of educated men. It has come to be a fact that scholars write and talk only for each other, and that the seminal ideas of philosophers, historians, and scientists reach only after a long time-lag the large public more eager than we suspect for leading ideas, for the best that is being discovered and thought in the world. Meanwhile the general public is fed on the prejudices, conventions, and second-hand opinions of propagandists and entertainers. The gap between scholarship and the educated man outside the ranks of the professional scholarship is a wider chasm almost than that between the literate and the illiterate.

There was a time when a mind as creative and originating as that of Emerson was a great popular force. In the urgencies of our own time is a moral obligation of scholarship to make leading ideas and central discoveries intelligible to that wide general public through whose enlightenment alone can democratic institutions and possibly the world itself survive. In France the art of what is called "high popularization" is a very reputable art, practised by the most eminent thinkers and scholars and writers. High popularization is not a cheapening of thought, a watering down of ideas, but a translation of important discoveries and central hypotheses of science and the humanities into the general tongue. English scholars, inheriting the eighteenth-century tradition of writers like Gibbon and Hume, have spoken with clarity, precision, and urbanity upon the most important of human concerns. They have in the best sense made an appeal to reason, the possible reason of the generality of mankind. A great deal of what has been called the language of scholarship is the language of pedantry, a great deal of the jargon of specialists is a rather heavy form of intellectual snobbishness. The scholar is a citizen and he must, if he has any sense of responsibility, feel some obligation to the society in which he lives.

INDEED there is one domain of scholarship in which the public conscience of learning has most urgently become clear. The whole domain of nuclear fission, the whole realm of modern physics has made it patent that scholarship needs to speak to the

Birdsong for Rain

By I. L. Salomon

THE familiar birds were calling for water,
their unlabored watersong crying for rain,
as the unmeditated summer heat
sank in thick swathes on the tumbled grain.

Through the lilac bush and abutting maples
on the lawn where the house had been leaved
since the roof-tree first appeared on the hill,
the thirsting, impatient bird-throats grieved.

Round as a gold-piece molten in fire,
the sun was unambushed flame, as the drought,
an imponderable cobra, coiled
in crouched rings at the earth's dry mouth.

The gathering contrapuntal choir
in unspoiled voices proscribed the spell;
stertorous thunder overwhelmed
music, — and water fell.

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general public, both as to the techniques of what it is doing and the consequences of those techniques for the public welfare. Such a volume of brilliant exposition as Selig Hecht's "Explaning the Atom" shows what may be done in making perspicuous to the layman what is involved in a subject matter often regarded as beyond his reach. There is no reason, as the late Selig Hecht so beautifully made clear, why the intricacies of atomic energy cannot be explained adequately in good English to the general literate mind. One of the reasons the atomic bomb has become so obsessive a preoccupation for us is that, in addition to the genuine problems it imposes on mankind, has come the awful fear of what seems like a black mysterious magic that is hopeless for the ordinary man even to begin to grasp.

No one has realized the chasm between scientific knowledge and general education better than the scientists themselves. What has alarmed them as human beings is not simply that other human beings cannot remotely comprehend their techniques. They note that other human beings have only the remotest notion of the fateful consequences, the implied dangers and fruit, of the resources put at man's disposal by the splitting of the atom. It is the physicists who have turned to the philosophers and humanists and asked them to consider with clarity what the possible roads are for mankind, to educate the generality of men as to what is involved in the terrifying powers now within the grasp of humanity. It is part of the obligation of scientists to explain what it is precisely they are doing; it is for the humanists to envisage potently and persuasively what it is that is involved in our new powers. It is important that the general public know a little more about the nature of nuclear fission and also of its undreamed potentiality. It is the task of the scientist as publicist to make sure that science is science, and not magic, to the public at large. Else all we have is a new form of terrified superstition. It is for the humane moralist to make clear what issues, what hopes and fears are involved in the world of the newer sciences. Otherwise we shall find our newest resources used in destructive ways by prejudiced and childish minds. It has never before been so important for the citizenry to know what science is doing and what ultimately the citizenry may do with what science makes possible.

There is no reason why scholarship cannot once again influence the course of American public opinion. It will do so when scholars who write learn to write as humanists and men of cultivation and good will, when philosophy and science and humane letters meet in the great art of public enlightenment, when the scholar speaks as a man, happily more informed than his fellows, to his fellow men. In a world threatened by regimentation or chaos, that is the least that scholars can do.

—IRWIN EDMAN.

Bookmarks

HATING a word is a far rarer phenomenon than loving one. At least the manifestations of word-hate are rarer. The word-lover employs his darling often enough for people to get onto the affair. The word-hater doesn't use his word at all. A striking example of word-hate is provided in "Pencraft: A Plea for the Older Ways," which William Watson published in 1916 (he did not become Sir William until the following year, and then, one may hope, in spite of "Pencraft"). "Pencraft," which set forth Watson's literary credo, is barely 12,000 words long, and among the 12,000 are these (remember that they were written in the bloodiest year of the First World War, the year of Verdun and the Somme):

> There must have been a deep instinct for beauty and order in the race that could create so magnificent an instrument as the English language, but whether that instinct has kept much of its original force may well be doubted when we see the extraordinary preference for the lower levels of speech, the depraved love of the unlovely in word and phrase, nay, the unchecked and applauded search for verbal ugliness, which are among the signs of our times. To take a single instance: the sons of British and Irish mothers, and of their ocean-parted kin, are at this moment showing themselves rich in one of the noblest human qualities, a quality for which our language has some beautiful names, such as *courage, daring, valour, bravery, dauntlessness*, besides others not quite so beautiful but still fair. And with all these words to choose from we go out of our way to bestow upon this radiant virtue of intrepidity one of the ugliest substantives our language affords—*pluck*; and we even throw its ugliness into higher relief by often attaching to it the incongruously splendid adjective *indomitable*.

Courage, valour, bravery, dauntlessness, intrepidity, indomitable. If Sir William had had his way, we should all be talking like that other William called the Conqueror.

* * *

D. W. Brogan's "American Themes" is a book from which any American can learn much about America from an Englishman who knows his way around. May we never lack for such wise and amiable friends. That is exactly why it is so hard to accept, from Mr. Brogan of all people, his spelling of "Bar Harbour." (His American publishers are blameless—they imported English sheets.) If an Englishman wants to adhere to the Johnsonian-*our*, that is his business; if he wants to write "Gosselin Harbour" he may do so. But Bar Harbor is Bar Harbor. Mr. Mencken notes that certain summer residents have been known to put "Bar Harbour" on their stationery, but to hell with them.

* * *

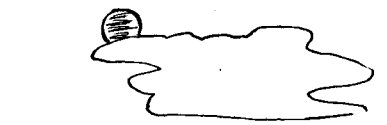
It's "Finnegans Wake," not "Finnegan's." It's the Court of St. James's, not St. James. It's Lloyd's, not Lloyds' or Lloyds. And it's till, not 'til.

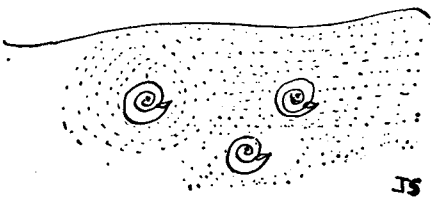
* * *

Television interests are showing some concern over an invention called the book.

—J. T. W.

Atomic Age Fables





XV. Dialogue for Snails

THE moon peeped out from a smoky cloud, and the three snails started to talk.

"Life is a straight line," said the first snail. "Evil is at one end and good at the other, and in the interval are many steps. A snail is born and a snail dies. Life has a beginning, a middle, and an end."

"Life is a circle," said the second snail. "Who will tell between good and evil? A snail is born, dies, and is reborn. Nothing is lost, and all of life is truth."

"I understand how you, worshipper of the straight line, can reach a conclusion," said a third snail, "but you, lover of the circle, how is it possible for you to reach one?" —J. S.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

More on Pound and Eliot

SIR: I have read Robert Hillyer's two articles ["Treason's Strange Fruit," *SRL* June 11; "Poetry's New Priesthood," *SRL* June 18] on the Bollingen Award not only with interest but also with joy. As a citizen, a war worker, a college teacher, and a writer, I have been incensed ever since the award was made.

RUTH G. VAN HORN,
Western Michigan College of Education.
Kalamazoo, Mich.

SIR: I am perplexed by Mr. Cousins's editorial on this article. It is understandable that he agrees wholeheartedly as to the shocking nature of the award. But does he also acquiesce in such insinuations as the following: Jung and his school have "now dropped their Nazi allegiance but not necessarily the symptoms of Nazism"? To a follower of Jung who happens also to be a United World Federalist the above quotation seems ridiculous. It is easily disproved by a little study of Jungian philosophy and the attitudes of his supporters.

ESTELLE K. BERTINE.
New York, N. Y.

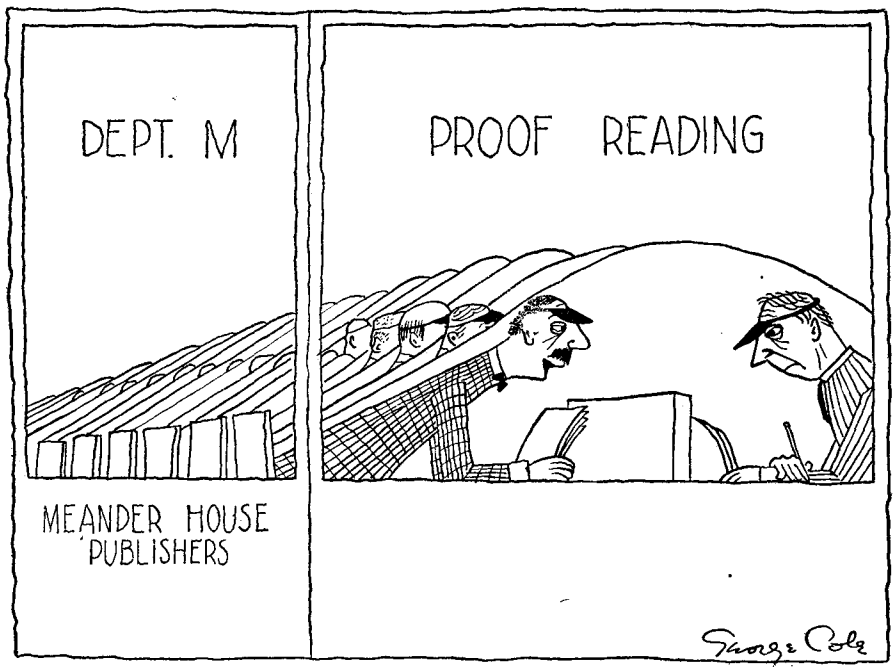
SIR: Although Mr. Hillyer is clearly correct in contending that Eliot's philosophy shows a fundamental anti-democratic bias, his use of the word "expatriate" as a term of opprobrium seems to suggest that the act of expatriation automatically vitiates a person's literary production. The subject is too complex to explore in detail here, but it may be pointed out that two of the giants of modern world literature, Henry James and James Joyce, were also "expatriates." Although Mr. Hillyer may not consider them of supremely high rank, he would probably not find in their works any evidence of authoritarian philosophy.

COURTNEY B. LAWSON.
Evanston, Ill.

SIR: I have been disturbed by the seemingly universal acceptance of the Hillyer position in the Pound controversy.

Pound's political views and personal life seem to me entirely irrelevant to any consideration of the literary excellence of his work. Were he a painter who had produced a work of outstanding artistry, incomparable in delineation, perspective, composition, and color—should he be denied an award because his subject matter happened to be obscene or sacrilegious?

In my profession, one does not judge the excellence of a lawyer's professional effort by the character of his client or the nature of his case, but rather upon the technical ability with which the case is presented. To apply any other criteria of judgment, whether the field be art, literature, or science, comes close to setting the same norms as have the Communists for their musicians and their geneticists.



"Heigh ho, another day! 'The Pisan Cantos,' chapter one . . ."

You may be sure that I feel rather strongly on this because not only are Pound's political views abhorrent to me, but his poetry is so repugnant that I can't finish reading the stuff.

ORVILLE S. POLAND.
Boston, Mass.

SIR: No words at the command of a mere teacher of English in a preparatory school can express my deep delight in Mr. Hillyer's sane, clear-eyed analysis and appraisal of the Library of Congress-Bollingen scandal. Such was the violence of my reaction to the announcement of the award that for several nights my sleep was troubled, I began to doubt my own sanity, and risked breaking off a valued relationship with a friend who is an acknowledged authority in the field of literary criticism.

To have my simple, home-spun judgment confirmed so reasonably by Mr. Hillyer was relief, indeed, to a troubled mind. Thanks a million, *SRL*, for debunking bogus "culture" in general and for clearing away the pea-soup fog that surrounded the olive wreath placed on the brow of our decadent Dante!

R. L. MIXNER,
Kent Place School.
Summit, N. J.

SIR: By his own admission, the Librarian of the Library of Congress considered the Pound-Bollingen award unfortunate. Since he did consider it as such and since, nevertheless, he permitted the name of the Library of Congress to be associated with the award, he should now do one of two things by way of amends: dissociate the Library of Congress from any future Bollingen award or appoint an entirely new slate of Fellows (all American, please, and less packed with abracadabrists). The present slate, with an ex-American as its guiding spirit, outraged the country by its choice; it should be ousted in toto.

GUSTAV DAVIDSON.
Washington, D. C.

SIR: The primordial manners exhibited by Hillyer . . . introduce other questions: from what intellectual level are your readers drawn? Despite *Time*'s typically egregious remark in a recent issue, one knows they aren't highbrow (I *don't* have the Luce test in mind in using this phrase), but are they even without the dregs of integrity? Are they inclined to rejoice in Mr. Hillyer's particular brand of nastiness, his embittered mud-slinging, the innuendoes that say so much about Mr. Hillyer and so little about Mr. Eliot? I suspect that they are. At any rate, Mr. Hillyer's article will mark off the jungle—and I concede it is probably an extensive one—in which such readers can find intellectual companionship and spiritual consolation at the level their natures require. They may gibber and chatter and swing from tree to tree as much as they please, and I doubt if anyone cares; but it would be unfortunate if other well-meaning souls who are essentially innocent got the impression that Mr. Hillyer's intellectual collapse reflected serious critical opinion or, for that matter, *anything* except personal frustration . . .

There will always be a mud dauber like Robert Hillyer waiting to use his nasty little sting on those who have arrived at preeminence. Literary history is filled with the names of those who realized early in life that their only claim to immortality lay in irritating or wounding the great. They can be recognized by their strong-lunged support of issues that carry a solidarity of public opinion. They are

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most vicious where they are most safe, and most determined where their ambition has been thwarted or where a possibility of meager advancement yet remains. Attacks like Hillyer's on Eliot have always been common. We cannot forget the infamous attack on Keats, or how Dryden was beaten by the hired ruffians of Rochester in Rose Lane. But Keats and Dryden we have still. Hillyer's attack is a sure sign of the security of Eliot's position, and perhaps one ought not to resent so much such an indisputable sign that *now* even the low on whom assurance sits recognize that he has *arrived*. But Hillyer's kind of ignorance, complacency, and conceit is so irritating and embarrassing one cannot help wishing such an unsightly defacement were less publicly exposed. "A spirit of excessive tolerance is to be deprecated," said Mr. Eliot. I confess I had not seen so much truth in that remark before Mr. Robert Hillyer's latest commotion.

Do you dare print this, or will you protect *your man*?

EUGENE BAILEY.

New York, N. Y.

Missing Laundry

SIR: Perhaps some of your readers could help me to trace the origin of the phrase "The inhabitants eked out a precarious living by taking in each others' washing." In the *Commonweal* of August 6, 1887, William Morris suggested that this was most likely to be an invention of Mark Twain's. But I am unable to find it in my kinsman's published works. Perhaps, therefore, it originated with some other author, and so I call upon your readers for assistance.

CYRIL CLEMENS.

Webster Groves, Mo.

Where Credit Is Due

SIR: With your review of A. J. Liebling's "Mink and Red Herring" [*SRL* July 2] you published Jacob Burck's very clever drawing of Liebling dissecting the press, based on Rembrandt's "Anatomy Lesson." This picture does not appear in "Mink and Red Herring." It was created for the amusement of the Chicago Newspaper Guild. Since Jacob Burck did not receive credit for this drawing in your magazine, I hope you will publish this letter to make amends.

LOUISE THOMAS,
Doubleday & Co.

New York, N. Y.

Paean for Paton

SIR: I have never heard of the Saturday Review-Anisfield-Wolf Award, but I see that Alan Paton's "Cry, the Beloved Country" has received this recognition. May I congratulate *SRL* and all who had anything to do with selecting this book for special honor? In these uncertain days of materialism, social injustice, and spiritual unrest, it is heartening that a book dealing with the basic values of life has been so well received. Never have I read a book so profoundly moving, nor one dealing so honestly with vital issues. It is an unforgettable book, and well deserving of the title "classic." Again, please accept my congratulations and my thanks for your share in keeping before the public a book that should be read by everyone. I hope *SRL* and its editors will always stand for the principles which surely must have prompted those who selected this book.

SISTER M. GUSTAV.

Chicago, Ill.

Books from Britain

SIR: As a member of the American Library Association and having made twenty crossings to your country in as many years, solely for the encouragement of transatlantic trade in the printed word, I feel impelled to protest strongly against the implied slur upon the British exporter of books and his methods in your editorial "The British Book Center" [*SRL* May 21]. Allowing for the enthusiasm engendered by a new toy, it seems desirable that at least a modicum of accuracy should be allowed publication, and recognition given to the fact that millions of British books have crossed the Atlantic in response to the demand for both new and old volumes before ever this scheme by the twenty-odd publishers was ever thought of.

Airmail will bring any required book catalogue, if available, from the publishers in three days—not months. For generations many famous firms, without having American branches, have sold English books to American clients at English prices and have made no difficulties regarding the payment of accounts in dollars or sterling at the convenience and choice of the customer.

RALPH A. BROWN.

London, Eng.

A Little Bit of Coney Island

SIR: Horace Sutton, in his article on Niagara Falls [*SRL* June 18], could have mentioned that there are more reasons than one for viewing the falls from the Canadian side, the main reason being cleanliness.

The American side and adjoining city struck me as a little bit of Coney Island, transplanted. For a rest and a quiet vacation, stay on the Canadian bank of the river.

WILSON TUCKER.

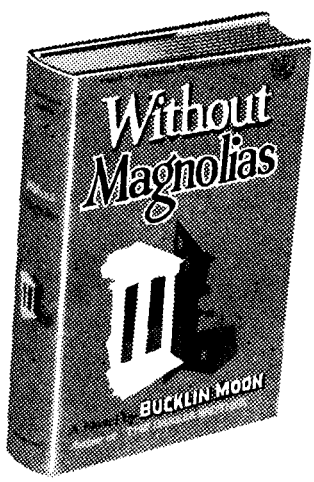
Bloomington, Ill.

Genuine Parlogram

SIR: Here is a parlogram, one that has the added merit of being genuine. When my brother and I were children and were taken abroad for the first time, we were cared for by an old nurse who knew little French. We were curious as to the meaning of the sign which appears on the doors of all French railway carriages: "Ne pas se pencher en dehors." She told us that this meant: "Do not pinch your finger in this door."

NATHAN STRAUS.

New York, N. Y.



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BOOKED for TRAVEL

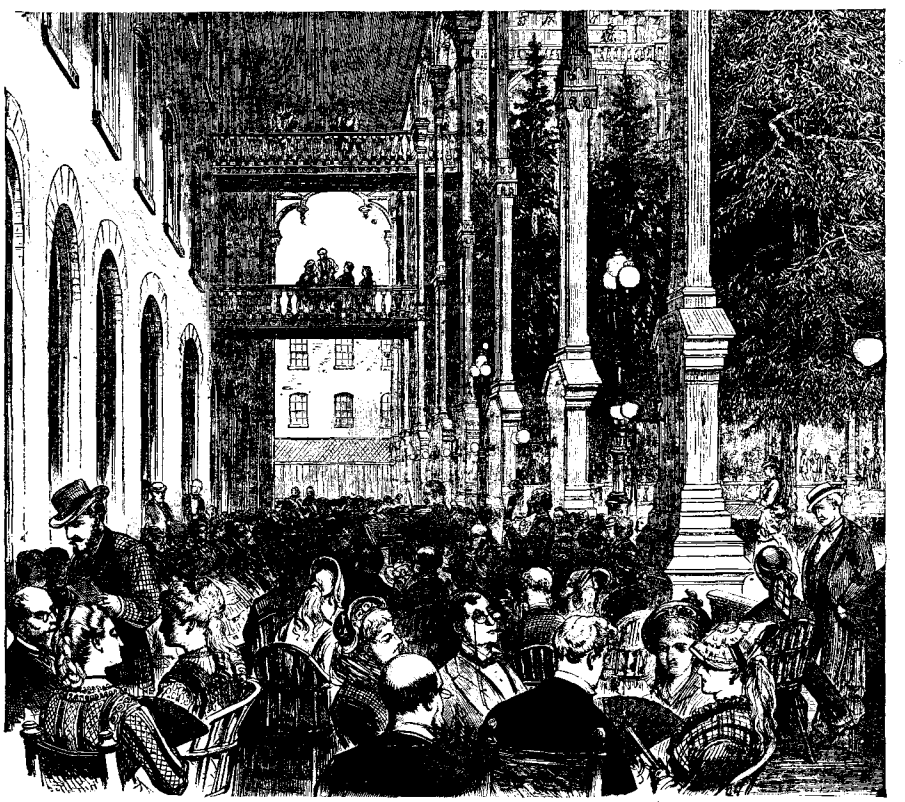
HOME OF THE GOUT AND THE TOUT

SARATOGA, they say, is one place where you can get cleaned at the baths in the morning and at the racetrack in the afternoon. Water, horses, and the Mohawks made Saratoga. The Mohawks discovered the springs, but it really took the sporting set to popularize them. The eighty-fourth racing season opens August 1 and will run through the 27th. Saratoga's nine-month population averages about 15,000, a figure which swells to 20,000 by June and jumps to 50,000 in August. Since the spa is open all year around, it's safe to say that Saratoga's visitors are more interested in horses than health.

We should like to inform the minority—we refer the majority to the *Daily Racing Form*—that Saratoga has the only naturally carbonated mineral waters in the country east of the Rocky Mountains. Twenty-three of the natural springs are being used nowadays, seven for springside drinking, three for bottling, three as playful spouters, and the rest for the bath houses. Saratoga bottled water comes in three delicious flavors, Geyser, Hathorn, and Coesa. Geyser is an alkaline water, served cool as a table water. Hathorn is a saline laxative water to be taken before breakfast at room temperature. Coesa, also mildly laxative, is similarly prescribed as a pre-breakfast drink. Don't get them mixed up. And don't use them if you have heart or kidney trouble, or—advertising executives please note—in case of bleeding ulcers.

Saratoga water gushes to the surface as bubbly as White Rock, and for many years private interests leased the site of the springs and extracted the natural gas which was sold commercially. New York State has since taken over control of the entire operation and runs the spa, as the Mohawks did as far back as the fourteenth century, as a health center. When you take a bath at the spa the natural CO_2 gas seeps through the skin causing you to breathe more deeply, ventilating your lungs, and increasing the activity of your kidneys. The Saratoga Cardiac Therapy offers a special treatment for heart cases, but the waters are soothing for malfunctions of the nervous system, rheumatic ailments, gout, and convalescence from diseases.

European spas are ordinarily divided into classes, from one to three, ranging from blue-tiled baths to duckboard. Democratic Saratoga has three grades of bathhouses, named, in descending order of price, Roosevelt, Washington, and Lincoln. In all three you can get steamed, salted, pounded, irrigated, sprayed, plyed with ultra-violet and infra-red lamps, and, of course, bathed. Depending on whether you are a Roosevelt, Washington, or Lincoln man, a regular three-week cure will cost you from $375 to $110. Saratoga gives the water works to 4,000 pilgrims every day.



"The Morning Concert"—"Victor Herbert's orchestra played during the Nineties, directed sometimes by a young man [who] grew up to be Monty Woolley."

Saratoga has been the home of the gout and the tout for over a hundred years. Gideon Putnam, one of G. Washington's contemporaries, opened the first hotel in 1802. In 1876, by which time it was called the Grand Union, it was the largest hotel in the world, and had a dining room that could seat 1,200 people. Victor Herbert's orchestra played in the inner court during the Nineties, directed sometimes by a young man known as "Little Edgar." The gentleman in question grew up to be Monty Woolley, who will return to his home town for a testimonial dinner at the Grand Union, August 1. Aided, I suspect, by a corps of drumbeaters from the Coast, Mr. Woolley will be driven to the racetrack in a convoy of surreys inhabited by people dressed in the mode of the Nineties. He will present all the winning jockeys with statuettes which, I earnestly hope, will not be called "Little Edgars."

Although the Stevens in Chicago, I believe, now holds the worldwide pennant, the Grand Union is still the largest hotel in Saratoga. It gets, if you please, $15 to $20 a day for a single or double with bath, European plan, and that means no meals. The state owns the Gideon Putnam Hotel, which charges the not-so-Socialistic price of $20.50 to $30.50 a day for a single and $37 to $45 a day double, American plan. You've got seventy-two other hotels and guest houses to choose from.

Dick Canfield's Casino, that famous Victorian center of culture and roulette, still stands in Saratoga. It is used as a meeting place and museum, but once it was the center of the spa's night life, supposed birthplace of the club sandwich and site of the biggest bet in history—$1,000,000. Saratoga also takes credit for the potato chip, the product of a temperamental chef who had been twitted for the crispness of his French fries, and set out to see how thin a man could actually slice a potato. The product was known in the early days as Saratoga chips.

This year, for the first time, tours are being conducted from Saratoga Springs to the Saratoga Battlefield,

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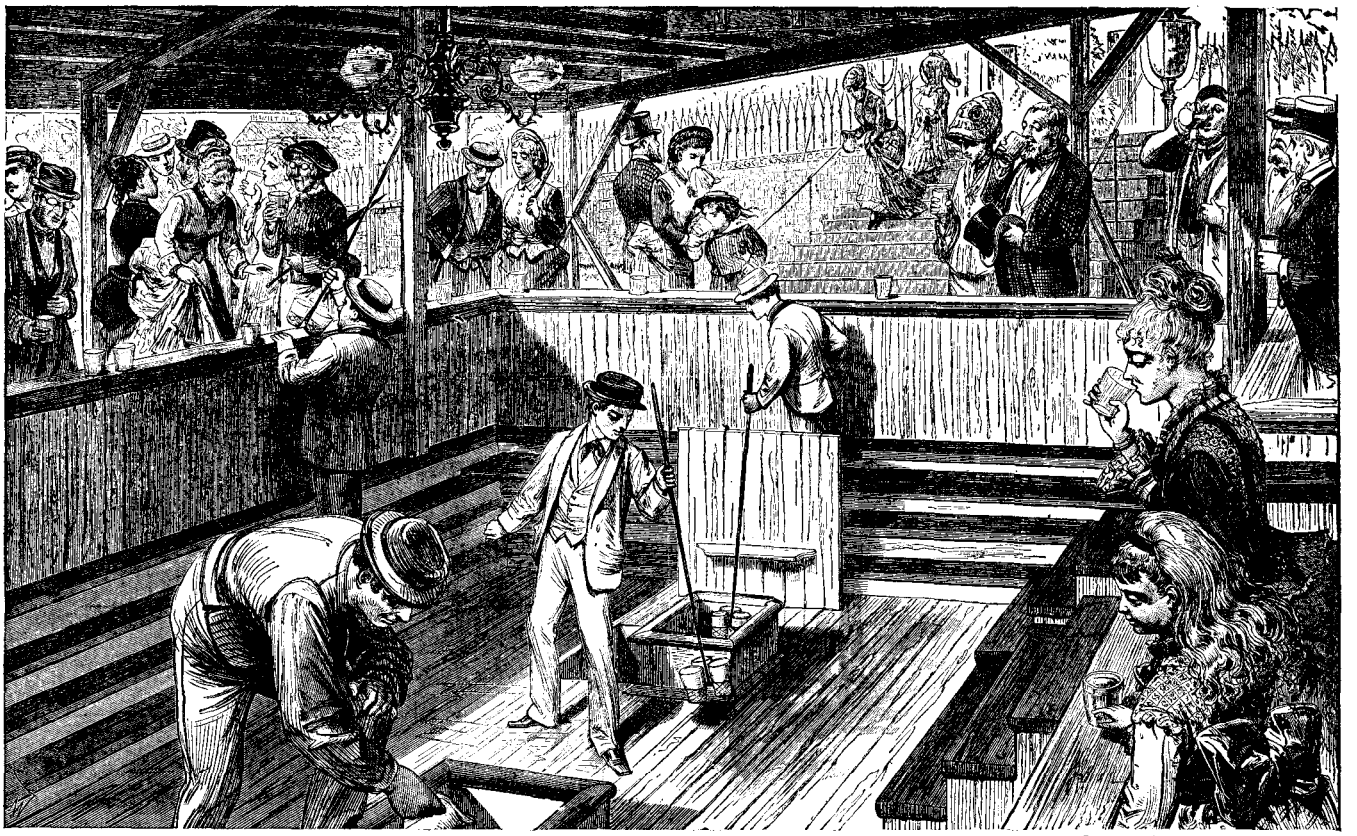

—*Illustrations by Culver Service.*

". . . Three delicious flavors, Geyser, Hathorn, and Coesa."

some ten miles down the road. As you will probably recall, General Burgoyne, flushed, as they say, with his victory at Fort Ticonderoga, met the Colonials under Gen. Horatio Gates at Saratoga on September 19 and again on October 7, 1777. In one of the decisive campaigns of world history Burgoyne was twice defeated, the tide of the war swung in our favor, and France decided to join the Revolutionary cause. In keeping with local custom, Burgoyne went to the showers, surrendering his whole force on October 17. It was a great victory for the Colonial side, but as anyone who has ever looked into a parimutuel window will tell you, it wasn't the only battle over insurmountable odds that ever took place at Saratoga.

—HORACE SUTTON.

TRAVELERS' TALES

CAPE COD SUMMER, by Eleanor Early. Houghton Mifflin. $3. A reissue of a book formerly called "And This Is Cape Cod," Miss Early's work still bubbles like a sea clam pie with legends, recipes, gossip, and digressions. She writes like some ladies chat, making asides to readers, and the whole thing comes out as if you took Mary Margaret McBride to Cape Cod, transcribed her reactions, and bound them into a book. Miss Early has an awful time deciding whether a lobster's tomalley is poison, she has no patience with squeamish readers ("*please* don't say you don't like burying grounds," she tells them). She heads chapters "Dennis Is a Darling Town." "Cape Cod Summer" is a darling book if you like Cape Cod, ladies, and happy talk.

GASPE, LAND OF HISTORY AND ROMANCE, by Blowden Davis. Greenberg. $4.50. The history and the romance of North America's replica of the Breton coast have been faithfully recorded by Blowden Davis, who has written a number of books on Eastern Canada. I say "faithfully" because that seems the best word to describe the slow-but-sure, unharried way she has promenaded through the colorful peninsula. The Gaspé has become something of a tourist trap, and perhaps it would have been more practical to include the pitfalls and the preferences which travelers usually seek in a travel book. All of that has been sacrificed in the name of history and romance, which to my mind limits the book's appeal. There are pictures in signatures on coated stock, mostly of fishing villages, Percé Rock, and the birds of Bonaventure Island. George Driscoll is the photographer.

FIELDING'S NEW TRAVEL GUIDE TO EUROPE, by Temple Fielding. Sloane. $4. Last year's guide, which suffered from a singular preoccupation with air travel and the price of prostitutes abroad, has been revised and broadened. Mr. Fielding accedes that ships also cross the Atlantic, and has included a new chapter on the subject to prove it. There are also additions on Austria and Germany, although I was surprised at his announcement that Germany was only open to accredited businessmen. That ruling went out last October. On the other hand, I was happy to note that Mr. Fielding has somewhat modified his earlier impressions of Air France. Readers may question the strict authoritarianism of the author, but nobody can deny his handy package contains a thousand helpful hints, agreeably presented, and nowhere else to be found.

THE LAND OF ITALY, by Jasper More. B. T. Batsford. $5.50. The first entry in the postwar Italian travel-book sweepstakes is not quite as stiff as the conservative typography and starchy layout would make it seem. Mr. More has treated Italy—which threatens to become the top European tourist favorite—efficiently and thoroughly. Aside from his obedient emphasis on Italy's art and history, Mr. More also keeps track of the nuances —the advent of Nordic sports such as *il futbol*; the fact that the beer is not warm (he is an Englishman); the big shots of the Italian villages who made their money in America and returned home to spend it. Color plates and good sepia-tone photographs on coated stock.

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FICTION

(Continued from page 16)

alcoholic failure of a father and a Jewish refugee doctor who shelters her recognize the true yearning. But recognition is not enough nor can even the bravest yield to the yearning.

These wanderers stand out in splendid relief against outrage. Nancy Bruff traces their sorrows with form, deep sympathy, and brilliance, making compassion imperative.

STRONG CITADEL, by Katharine Newlin Burt. Scribner's. $3. Rittenhouse Square gets a new broom and is swept clean. It may be almost impossible to buck the Main Line or Philadelphia Republicans, but it can be done. Mrs. Burt says so in fiction. It is overwhelmingly easier than in fact.

With a heavy pseudo-Pinero touch the red velvet curtains are drawn aside to let in a little light, a little life. Divorce is still a hushed word, mistress or lover not to be spoken, but it takes these constricted toplofties really to cut loose when the blood begins to surge. It develops that the old Judge, revered and worshipped long after his death, actually had a productive affair with his housekeeper. Ergo—it is fine that his grandson has married a Russian peasant and that his granddaughter is pleased to desert her old New York, Gramercy Park husband to live in sin with an uncomfortably liberal professor. It is even proper for his daughter to let herself go to the point of marrying her eminently proper, perennially eager suitor. A little sin is good for the soul. So is a little new blood. So, alas, would be a fresh, incisive statement of this familiar point of view.

LEGEND OF A LADY, by Robert Hardy Andrews. Julian Messner. $2.75. There ought to be a law protecting the advertising agencies against themselves or their interpreters. They can't be what they appear to be in tome after tome. Existing in the ulcer belt, brittle, hard, relying on the crack that is no longer wise, counting on the kill with the smart comeback, these swift messengers of commerce leave one tired, eager only for the corn that grows knee-high in Kansas.

Mr. Andrews knows because he writes soap operas. He has written one more. He takes a little lady, repetitiously emphasizing her size to prove the force of fragility, and leads her up the ladder. She rides roughshod over her first husband, relegates her six-year-old son to the miseries of a Midwestern military school, works up to be the boss's personal secretary, later his wife in what turns out to be name only, never even soiling her dainty white collars and cuffs. It takes the self-inflicted death of her boy to disturb her lacquered lethargy; with that jolt she becomes helpless and nice enough for a hovering, attractive copywriter to reclaim. More fool he.

Photographic approach to altogether unpalatable madness.

OVERCOAT MEETING, by George Agnew Chamberlain. Barnes. $2.50. Mr. Chamberlain writes of a community not far from Philadelphia yet as remote as the mountains of Kentucky. The world is well lost for his people, lost for a trotting horse. The sport of kings appeals to the farmer and, mercifully, it pays in the end. The last chance of the season to recoup, the October races when losers hope to take all, gives his boy hero real cash money and the triumph of an easy winner.

In dungaree prose, purposefully hayseed and highly hick, George Agnew Chamberlain displays his colors. Girls and boys mature, find love and spouses, while the track remains the magnetizing force of their lives. Race fixers, touts, slick sirens ready with a bribe or a tip people the paddocks. The impatient hoof paws the receiving earth, the loamy stable smells invade our nostrils, and no other desire exists except to be off.

A photo-finish justifies the build-up. Breezy tribute to the "jugheads" (trotter to you there in the hammock).

THE HEART IS A STRANGER, by Paul Murray. Harper. $3. Middle European politics in the late nineteenth century couldn't have been quite so complicated as Mr. Murray insists. However here it is, a crazy-quilt background to a totally untenable romance. Bigamy, murder, theft, and final apprehension of the guilty mark the stages of travail.

A Viennese girl, staunchly pro-Wittelsbach, marries a rebellious Italian patriot. Black eyes flash, Bismarck maneuvers, alliances are cemented or disintegrate entirely, while bands play, jewels glow, salons shimmer, and nobility holds sway. The undercurrent of melodrama may pierec the courtly glare, but it hardly demands attention. Conventional "Rudi," "Vicki," "Poppa Joseph" prose. Wired for sound.

SUMMER STORM, by Louis Paul. Crown Publishers. $3. Take the cold, ambitious wife of a successful nerve specialist, make her unwilling hostess to an absurdly ill-assorted group of week-end guests, let the men turn townward on Monday, let the rains come, and just see what cooks. Frayed nerves, jealousy, revenge, distrust, and a final shakedown of understanding as the storm runs its course. Trees have fallen, roads been blocked, wires torn down, and the ladies literally been marooned on their hilltop, but nature has allowed time for a proper reshuffling of values. The toll taken, hearts are put in their right places and all's well.

Mr. Paul loves the neurotic. Nothing like a good alcoholic, a psychological block, or an undiagnosed twitch to set him off. Just between us he is over self-indulgent.

—CATHERINE MEREDITH BROWN.

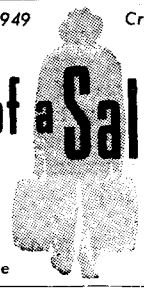
SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 799)
HELEN WRIGHT:
SWEEPER IN THE SKY
(The life of Maria Mitchell, first woman astronomer in America)

* "I wish, . . . something of the physicist's readiness to try experiments would come into our moral reform work. We are all afraid of new experiments, as if the law of growth through failure were not similar in moral, mental, and material work."

*Address, as second President of the newly organized Association for the Advancement of Woman, Syracuse, N. Y., 1875.

STAGE

Pulitzer Prize 1949 Critics' Award 1949



death of a Salesman

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The Film Forum

MENTAL HEALTH

The Saturday Review's Weekly Guide to Selected 16mm. Sound Films.

OVER-DEPENDENCY

Produced by the National Film Board of Canada, and available from its New York office at 1270 Avenue of the Americas. (32 min.)

Following the very popular "Feeling of Rejection" (*SRL* Nov. 6, 1948) and the less-well-received "Feeling of Hostility" (see below), "Over-Dependency" gives another informal case history of a "normal" neurotic —this time a young married man suffering from hypochondriacal tendencies. We see Jimmy first as he reaches out of bed to turn off the alarm. He doesn't want to get up and go to work; he doesn't feel well. He can't face calling his boss to say he is sick, and he is forced to lie his way out of the situation. His wife comes to the rescue by arranging a visit to a doctor, to whom Jimmy confides his secret feeling that he has some dread physical ailment. But the doctor finds out that there is nothing physically wrong with Jimmy.

Fortunately for Jimmy the doctor doesn't tell him to go home and stop worrying. Instead he arranges a series of meetings with his patient, in which Jimmy talks informally about the things that are on his mind. From these discussions Jimmy is able to recognize a pattern of over-dependent behavior based upon his relationship with his mother, his sisters, and later his wife. A dream gives him some insight into his early jealousy of his father. Then Jimmy learns to regard these over-dependent tendencies as danger signals in his daily adult behavior, and at the end of the film we see him on the way to becoming a more independent and mature person.

As can easily be seen from this very brief outline, "Over-Dependency" is filled almost to overflowing with highly complex ideas. And it should be pointed out that the film raises far more questions than it answers and implies much more than it states.

Like the others in this series, "Over-Dependency" is not an instructional film; it does not define or explain, except incidentally. It is not an entertainment film; technically it is undistinguished, and cinematically it is only adequate. The film reconstructs, in story form, a certain type of neurotic behavior and shows one way in which it can be properly treated. It is certain to evoke some sort of emotional reaction from everyone who sees it. For that reason it seems almost imperative that every group planning to show the film arrange to have a competent specialist on hand to bring out and answer questions arising in the minds of the individuals in the audience. Otherwise, through haphazard showings to casual audiences, the film may do more harm than good in terms of mental health.

THE FEELING OF HOSTILITY

Produced by the National Film Board of Canada. Available: See above. (32 min.)

The protagonist of this film is a successful businesswoman who is incredibly lonely and sees no way out of her loneliness. We see typical incidents in Claire's early life which helped cause her emotional insecurity. They revolve around her father's sudden death, her mother's remarriage, the birth of a baby brother, and Claire's increasing inability to express her need for love and attention. In sharp contrast to this area of emotional neglect we watch Claire come to rely more and more upon her mental and critical powers to earn for her the attention she so deperately wants and so obviously needs.

A trailer at the end of the film recapitulates the factors in Claire's life which contributed most to her emotional immaturity. Like "Over-Dependency," this film raises more than enough problems to make it worth everyone's while to have a mental health specialist on hand at the showing.

ATTITUDES AND HEALTH

Produced and distributed by Coronet Films, Inc., Coronet Bldg., Chicago 1, Ill. In color or black and white. (10 min.)

This is a simplified, non-technical explanation of some of the ways in which emotional problems affect physical health, with some practical advice on the subject. Marvin Baker, a young high-school student, overhears the family doctor outlining the causes of his sister's psychosomatic illnesses to their mother. Marvin thinks of his own ill health, his disappointment at not making the first-string basketball team at school, and his subsequent failure to do well in other activities. After discussing this with the doctor, Marvin learns that his attitudes do affect his health. And he understands that he can avoid disappointment by not expecting to do well in everything, and by working hard to succeed in things for which he has special aptitude and interest.

Because the film directly relates its subject matter to its intended audience, and particularly because it offers intelligent, easy-to-understand answers to the questions it raises, this film is sure to be a valuable addition to youth health programs—and to many adult programs as well.

—CECILE STARR.

For information about the purchase or rental of any films, please write to Film Department, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th St., New York 19, N. Y.

STAGE

CRITICS' AWARD FOR BEST MUSICAL
RICHARD RODGERS & OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
present in association with
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MARY MARTIN · EZIO PINZA
In A New Musical Play
South Pacific
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
Book by
OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd & JOSHUA LOGAN
Adapted from JAMES A. MICHENER'S Pulitzer Prize Winning "TALES OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC"
Directed by JOSHUA LOGAN
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MAJESTIC THEA., 44th St. W. of B'way
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NATIONAL COMPANY
Now—ERLANGER THEATRE, CHICAGO

SCREEN

DAN DAILEY
ANNE BAXTER
IN
"YOU'RE MY EVERYTHING"
COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR
Directed by Walter Lang
Produced by Lamar Trotti
20th Century-Fox
•
ON THE WONDER STAGE
IN PERSON!
BOB CROSBY
Extra! SID STONE
ON THE ICE STAGE
Sparkling New Ice-Travaganza
starring
CAROL LYNNE
SPECIAL—ARNOLD SHODA
•
COOL ROXY 7th Ave. & 50th St.

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the Phoenix Nest

SEMPERVIRENS

HOW uneasy man should be
Underneath a redwood tree.
All his labors and his fate
In the stem are capsulate.
Socrates received the cup
While this bitter sap went up;
While this furrowed shaft was made,
Buddha found a bô tree's shade;
These were making cambium
When began Byzantium;
Baalbec split Levantine suns
As these pillars western ones.
Filled with deaths and dynasties
Rise the monlithial trees.
Better can a redwood bole
Than man sustain man's
history whole.

—EDNA YELLAND.

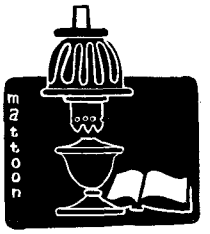
* * *

I have not yet expressed in this periodical my individual opinion of Ezra Pound. Whatever my friend Robert Hillyer has said he has said not only sincerely but with burning indignation, and had a right to say. Ezra Pound was never my friend, he never wished to be, but rumors reached me as long ago as twenty years of his befriending and helping those he thought had unusual gifts who met him on the Continent or in England. Up here in the country I happen to have by me all his Cantos, including "The Pisan Cantos," published both separately and with the others as New Directions books. I have thought that in peace and quiet I would try rereading the earlier ones and the latest ones. I have found most of the work such a hash of allusions, such a flea-hopping of literature and ancient history combined with Pound's "King Charles head," which is Major Douglas's monetary theory, and a rash of other languages than English, varied by vaudeville essays into what the poet considered dialect, that I have confined my chief efforts to the latest book.

Everything has been said concerning Pound as a traitor and Pound as an egoist that can be said. My intention here is not to indulge in any discussion of those things or of his anti-Semitism, which a rapid reading of "The Pisan Cantos" has not discovered to any great extent.

Mr. Hillyer has referred to a song; I think it is the one on page 94. It is a fine song. Pound excelled at the antique. Though Eliot (writing in 1928) has overpraised him, he has also this good paragraph upon Pound, with the argument of which I strongly agree (perhaps, if I am decently honest, because I myself have, upon occasion, striven to revive the past, and hence like such a pursuit defended):

> Now Pound is often most "original" in the right sense, when he is most "archeological" in the ordinary sense. It is almost too platitudinous to say that one is not modern by writing about chimney-pots, or archaic by writing about oriflammes. It is true that most people who write of oriflammes are merely collecting old coins, as most people who write about chimney-pots are merely forging new ones. If one can really penetrate the life of another age, one is penetrating the life of one's own. The poet who understands merlons and crenelles can understand chimney-pots, and vice versa. Some men can understand the architecture of the cathedral of Albi, for instance, by seeing it as a biscuit factory; others can understand a biscuit factory best by thinking of the cathedral of Albi. It is merely a subjective difference of method. The mole digs and the eagle flies, but their end is the same, to exist.



If, in his mole-digging, Pound went blind to humanity—as in my opinion he did—it is quite mistaken to say that he unearthed no Hermes with the Child Dionysus. You may be willing to compare nothing in his work with the work of Praxiteles, but he could write:

> O Lynx, guard this orchard,
> Keep from Demeter's furrow
>
> This fruit has a fire within it,
> Pomona, Pomona
> No glass is clearer than are the globes
> of this flame
> what sea is clearer than the
> pomegrante body holding the flame?
> Pomona, Pomona
>
> Lynx, keep watch on this orchard
> That is named Melagrana
> or the pomegranate field
> The sea is not clearer in azure
> Nor the Heliads bringing light

—that is on page 68 of "The Pisan Cantos," part of a longer passage about lynxes. Fifty years of acquaintanceship with poetry tells me that that is poetry, and remarkably fine and sensitive poetry at that. Just why Pound almost invariably chose to relapse from such writing into the barren attitudinizing of his worst, we will never know till we know the whole truth about the perversity of Man. Sometimes I am inclined to the belief that there may actually be such a thing as Original Sin; for this man had learning, had art, had discrimination, had courage. He had such faculties as the poet William Butler Yeats recognized as extraordinary. This that he has said of Beauty, again in "The Pisan Cantos," is worth hearing:

> La beauté, "Beauty is difficult, Yeats,"
> said Aubrey Beardsley
> when Yeats asked why he drew horrors
> or at least not Burne-Jones
> and Beardsley knew he was dying
> and had to make his hit quickly

hence no more B-J in his product.

> So very difficult, Yeats, beauty so difficult.

(Not a word may be said for the man? I know. So I shall continue saying a word.) "Curious," remarks Ezra Pound in "The Pisan Cantos," "is it not, that Mr. Eliot has not given more time to Mr. Beddoes (T. L.) prince of morticians"—I think so too. I am an admirer of Beddoes, though I do not have to be reminded by pedantry that his initials were T. L.

It should be said that there are things in this book that have moved me, this, for instance:

> Nor can who has passed a month in the death cells believe in capital punishment
> No man who has passed a month in the death cells
> believes in cages for beasts

and this, on the same page,

> With clouds over Taishan-Chocorura
> when the blackberry ripens
> and now the new moon faces Taishan
> one must count by the dawn star
> Dryad, thy peace is like water
> There is September sun on the pools

but I would ask those who wish to give this book a complete judgment to read carefully page 99, beginning "the rest is dross" and continuing overleaf to the end of that Canto which is LXXXI. On this page the reader will find:

> Pull down thy vanity [he says]
> Thou art a beaten dog beneath the
> hail,
> A swollen magpie in a fitful sun,
> Half black half white
> Nor knowst 'ou wing from tail
> Pull down thy vanity
>
> How mean thy hates
> Fostered in falsity,
> Pull down thy vanity,
> Rathe to destroy, niggard in charity,
> Pull down thy vanity,
> I say pull down.
>
> But to have done instead of not doing
> this is not vanity

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To have, with decency, knocked
That a Blunt should open
  To have gathered from the air a
    live tradition
or from a fine old eye the
  unconquered flame
This is not vanity.
  Here error is all in the not done,
all in the diffidence that faltered.

"Blunt" is, of course—or am I also playing the pedant—Wilfrid Scawen Blunt, the great libertarian and poet, who wrote "Atrocities of Justice Under British Rule in Egypt," "The Land War in Ireland," etc., and also did fine Oriental translations and some sonnets that will not die. But to have been situated as Pound was when he wrote those lines, and to have written them—well, the stature of that moment needs no elaboration of my own.

The book is full of fragmentary memories, occasionally reality that interrupts, of which he speaks humorously:

[Only shadows enter my tent
  as men pass between me and the
    sunset,]
beyond the eastern barbed wire
  a sow with nine boneen
matronly as any duchess at Claridge's

or the adjuration to a cat on page 76, to leave his reserves of food alone:

you can neither eat manuscript nor
  Confucius
    nor even the hebrew scriptures
  get out of that bacon box

or the tribute to the Negro who made him a writing desk:

What counts is the cultural level,
  thank Benin for this table ex
    packing box
      "doan yu tell no one I made it"
        from a mask fine as any in
      Frankfurt
"It'll get you off'n th' groun"

These may raise a sneer. Should they? I am submitting my findings. *Disjecta membra,* maybe. No special pleading. I think that some of these things also will remain.

* * *

NONSENSE

Nonsense is sense as it canters about
And the world is immense in which
  horses grow stout
And apes put their hands up and
  look at the sky
And men lift a wine-cup and worship
  and die.
So here's to the freeings, in various
  shapes,
Of all human beings and horses and
  apes.

—WITTER BYNNER.

* * *

—WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	ENGINEERING *Recording Technique, Surface*	PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT
TWENTIETH-CENTURY CROSS-SECTION		
*DEBUSSY: JEUX (1913). Symph. of the Augusteo, Rome, Sabata. RCA Victor DM, WDM 1276 (2)	Topnotch recording with fine highs, presence, sharp edge, yet a warm, ambient sound too. Whoever made this knew his onions.	An exciting item—seldom-heard late orchestral Debussy. Cogent post-"La Mer" style, acidly impressionist, highly colored. Rather episodic without the stage, but still attractive. Beautifully played and a delight to have.
*RESPIGHI: PINES OF ROME (1924). Cincinnati Symph., Goosens. RCA Victor DM, WDM 1309 (2)	Good acoustics (Victor is always good in this respect) but this lacks clear highs and the whole is a bit muddy compared to above.	Complete with real nightingale—this is post-19th-century program music with a mere touch of dissonance. Scoring brilliant, content so-so.
*PROKOFIEFF: SCYTHIAN SUITE (1914). Phila. Orch., Ormandy. Columbia *LP*: ML 4142 (with Respighi: "Roman Festivals.") Prokofieff only: MM 827 (3)	A super-show recording; it'll knock you dead. Sequel to famous "Gayne" jobs and not unlike them technically—brass, triangles, bass thumps. Cf. more resonant, over-all style Victor recording of this same music.	Prokofieff's contribution to the brief "barbaric" era—the "Sacre de Printemps" days. Savage, noisy, excitingly primitive, utterly unlike the suave Prokofieff of "Peter" or the "Classical."
STRAVINSKY: DIVERTIMENTO ("BAISER DE LA FEE," 1928), arr. Stravinsky-Dushkin. Ida Haendel, violin; Ivor Newton, pf. Decca ffrr EDA 109 (3)	Acoustics not unlike Columbia violin and piano, but piano is fuller, violin close-to, but not as loud; much better balance. A model recording.	Rewritten (for Stravinsky's own use) from the ballet suite based on Tchaikovsky motives. I find it excellent listening, clearer, more concise than original, though some nice moments are omitted.
HINDEMITH: SYMPHONIE, MATHIS DER MALER (1934). Berlin Philharmonic, Hindemith. Capitol ECL 2503 (3)	An excellent dubbing job, from an original extraordinary for its day; judicious filtering improves noisy inside grooves, etc. (All Capitols are dubbed.)	This now popular work in its earlier German recording, under composer. Bit heavier than the (later) RCA Victor performance, but convincing enough.

*Reviewed from slow-speed edition.

SLOW-SPEED REISSUES — CHECK LIST

Victor 45 rpm reissues (added to basic catalogue): BARTOK, Violin Sonata #1; Menuhin, Baller; WDM 1286. GERSHWIN, "An American in Paris"; RCA Orch., Bernstein; WDM 1237. BIZET, "Carmen" excerpts; RCA Victor Chorale (Shaw) & Orch.; WDM 1237.
Columbia LP reissues: SHAKESPEARE, "Othello"; Robeson-Hagen-Ferrer; SL-53 (3). STRAVINSKY, "Symphony in Three Movements"; N. Y. Philh., Stravinsky; ML 4129 (½). MENOTTI, "The Medium"; "The Telephone"; Ballet Society production; SL-54 (2). SIBELIUS, Symphony #2; Phila. Orch., Ormandy; ML 4131. DEBUSSY, "Trois Ballades de Villon"; RAVEL, "Don Quichotte à Dulcinée"; Martial Singher, CBS Orch., Abravanel; ML 4152 (½). CHOPIN, Piano Concerto #2; Malcuzynski, Philharmonia Orch., Kletski; ML 4135. SHOSTAKOVITCH, Symphony #9; N. Y. Philharmonic, Kurtz; ML 4137. STRAUSS, "Ein Heldenleben"; Pittsburgh Symph., Reiner; ML 4138. WEILL, "Street Scene"; members of orig. cast, orch., cond. Abravanel; ML 4139. LISZT, Piano Concerto #2; Malcuzynski, Philharmonia Orch., Süsskind; ML 4146. DELIBES, "Coppélia" Ballet; Royal Opera House Orch., Lambert; ML 4145 (*see also RCA "Coppélia"*). JOH. STRAUSS, Overtures, Waltzes; Phila. Orch., Ormandy; ML 2041. MOZART, String Quintets K. 406, 593; Budapest Quartet and Milton Katims; ML 4143. RAVEL, "L'Enfant et les Sortilèges"; Solos, Orch., Choir Radiodiffusion Française; ML 4153. BEETHOVEN, Quartet #7, Op. 59, 1; Busch Quartet; ML 4155. DUMAS, "Three Musketeers," adapted Ralph Rose; ML 4162. CARROLL, "Alice in Wonderland," adapted Ralph Rose; ML 4148.

—EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

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WORLD PLAYBILL No. 1

(Continued from page 11)

of 1603 but her successor, King James, was equally fond of the theatre. He decided to take one acting company under his special patronage, naturally choosing the most prominent one for the honor, and from that time forward the Lord Chamberlain's company was known as the King's Men.

The membership of the company did not remain quite the same, since from time to time there were gaps that had to be filled. Kempe left to join a rival organization, Bryan took a court position, Pope and Phillipps died within a year of each other, not long after James came to the throne. But Burbage, Heminges, and Shakespeare remained and with them the continuity of the original company. The new actors who joined the company might not have quite the stature of the men who had formed it, but they were evidently men of experience, courtesy, and good sense, and the company as a whole went on maintaining its astonishing record of personal friendship.

This record was an unusual one for the period, since the Elizabethans were a hot-tempered group of people and notably quick to feel insulted. When Ben Jonson killed a fellow actor in a duel, the incident was considered unfortunate but not surprising. If an Elizabethan did not face the point of a dagger every few years he could confidently expect to face litigation, and a nervous, exacting trade like the theatre spawned a multitude of lawsuits. Burbage and Shakespeare and Heminges had their normal share of litigation, but Burbage's lawsuits were mostly inherited from his father, Shakespeare's were outside the theatre, and Heminges's were the result of acting as the financial manager of the company and serving as its representative against the outside world. The three men never quarreled with each other, and neither did the other members of the company. It would not be correct to say that they treated each other like brothers, since the courts of Westminster were full of brothers squabbling. They treated each other as loved friends. The members of the company left legacies to each other, appointed each other executors of their wills, and even left their children and apprentices to each other's care.

There was a persistent legend in London, in non-theatrical circles at least, that actors were loose-lived Bohemian fellows who indulged in taverns and dice. Possibly this description fitted a few minor actors, but it did not fit the men of Shakespeare's company. They were hard-working men, sober taxpayers, and good citizens, and most of them brought up large families. John Heminges had a household of fourteen children in his comfortable home on the west side of town, and his close neighbor and good friend Henry Condell had a household of nine. Richard Burbage lived all his life in his father's old parish in the suburbs, where he brought up seven children, and when thieves broke into his house their loot included five children's aprons. One of his neighbors was his fellow actor Richard Cowley, who played the role of Verges in "Much Ado About Nothing," and Cowley had four children. Augustine Phillipps had five, and although Thomas Pope remained a bachelor he was not a lonely one. With the help of a competent housekeeper he brought up a series of fatherless children, and when he wrote his will he made careful provision for the eleven-month-old baby that was the latest addition to his household. One of the few members of the company who had no settled home was William Shakespeare, since his wife had not accompanied him to London. He lived in a series of hired lodgings, but he seems to have been treated in them as a member of the family. When Shakespeare lived with the Mountjoy family, on the west side of town, Mrs. Mountjoy trusted her lodger so completely that she enlisted his help in marrying off her only child.

MEANWHILE the King's Men continued their prosperous career at the Globe. Richard Burbage was now the uncontested head of the London stage and had been particularly effective in the title roles of "Othello" and "King Lear." John Heminges, in the

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

SHAKESPEAREAN CHARACTERS DOWN THE ALPHABET

Helen Pettigrew, of Charleston, Ark., offers a bit of doggerel about some outstanding male characters from Shakespeare's plays. Allowing four points for each answer, a score of sixty is par, seventy-two is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers on page 32.

A is for ....., an old man and weary. ("As You Like It")
B is for ....., who made a feast eerie. ("Macbeth")

C is for ....., who looked hungry and lean. ("Julius Caesar")
D is for ....., a king of great mein. ("Macbeth")

E is for ....., who was afterwards king. ("King Richard III")
F is for ....., a tipsy old thing. ("King Henry IV")

G is for ....., a duchess, his wife. ("King Henry V")
H is for ....., aweary of life. ("Hamlet")

I is for ....., a sly, crafty bad man. ("Othello")
J is for ....., a cynical, sad man. ("As You Like It")

K is for ....., who was blunt and outspoken. ("King Lear")
L is for ....., old, sinned against, broken. ("King Lear")

M is for ....., an ambitious thane. ("Macbeth")
N is for ....., one of Falstaff's gay train. ("Merry Wives of Windsor")

O is for ....., magical fairy. ("A Midsummer Night's Dream")
P is for ....., so elfish and airy. ("A Midsummer Night's Dream")

Q is for ....., with the edible name. ("A Midsummer Night's Dream")
R is for ....., Juliet's flame. ("Romeo and Juliet")

S is for ....., who wanted revenge. ("The Merchant of Venice")
T is for ....., with fair-weather friends. ("Timon of Athens")

U is for ....., a priest he was, too. ("King Richard III")
V is for ....., who's in Much Ado. ("Much Ado About Nothing")

W is for ....., who had a great fall. ("King Henry VIII")
X is unknown—he's not mentioned at all.

Y is for ....., whose rose was not red. ("King Henry VI")
Z we'll let stand for the last letter, zed.

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meantime, had taken over the difficult task of paymaster for the company and was in control of all income and disbursements. In the early days, when the finances of the company were less complicated, various members of the company had acted as paymaster, and Burbage, Shakespeare, and Kempe had done it jointly the year the organization came into existence. But Heminges must have been an unusually trustworthy man, with a good head for business, and in time he took the full responsibility for the company's finances. He did not, of course, give up acting on this account.

Nor did Shakespeare give up his acting merely because he wrote plays. He was by this time one of the most popular playwrights in London, but there is no evidence that he let this interfere with his normal responsibilities as a working member of the company. The King's Men put on a tragedy of Ben Jonson's in 1603 and Shakespeare's name stands at the head of the list of those who acted in it, with Burbage's next to it and Heminges and Condell just below.

Five years later Shakespeare joined with a group of his fellow actors, including Burbage, Heminges, and Condell, in the ownership of shares in a small indoor theatre called the Blackfriars. Shakespeare must have done some acting at the Blackfriars also, since Cuthbert Burbage later testified that "men players, which were Heminges, Condell, Shakespeare . . ." had appeared in the new theatre.

Not long after the Blackfriars purchase, Shakespeare retired and went to live at his house in Warwickshire. He traveled up to London frequently and he wrote one more play for the King's Men. But his active life in the theatre was finished, and in 1616 he died.

Shakespeare remembered in his will the three men who were all

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The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE BODY BEAUTIFUL *Bill Ballinger* (Harper: $2.50)	Undraped chorine stuck with skivvy during show. Others in cast get knifed before Barr Breed unmasks mass slayer.	Soundly plotted tale gets tangled up with physiological details and more unsavory people than even toughest tale needs.	Not for squeamish
HA-LO IN BRASS *John Evans* (Bobbs-Merrill: $2.50)	Paul Pine, hunting missing Nebraska girl in home town and Chicago, encounters tough going, corpses, and old fish before settling case.	Exceptionally tough—and exceptionally good—opus peopled mainly by unpleasant characters and ending in fashion that may surprise all but keen-eyed.	Such goings on!
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THE ODDS RUN OUT *Hilary Waugh* (Coward-McCann: $2.50)	Sheridan Wesley, private detective vacationing on Conn. shore, inspects slugged corpse in water and gets involved in multiple murder case.	Wesley's sprightly wife aids him in catching killer of three who died strangely in affair liberally filled with action and humor.	Good enough
DOG EAT DOG *Mary Collins* (Scribners: $2.50)	Throat cuttings decimate Calif. dog-show people—also canines. Sheriff Ericksen catches well-concealed criminal just in time.	Although most of dogs — including tragic "killer" Dane —seem nicer than people, yarn has humorous overtones along with ample action.	Entertaining
THE DARKER THE NIGHT *Herbert Brean* (Morrow: $2.50)	Two Manhattan defenestrations start New England amateur on trial that almost adds him to victims of persistent killer.	Besides extrasensory perception and hypnosis (with explanatory notes), there is detective Kilroy and a priceless hoodlum.	Not too convincing

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that remained of the original group that had worked together in the days of Queen Elizabeth—Richard Burbage, John Heminges, and Henry Condell. Soon there were only two men left, for Richard Burbage died in 1619 with all London as his mourner. Heminges and Condell went on living near each other, serving as trustees in the parish church and befriending in their usual fashion the other members of the company. When Alexander Cooke died he left his "poor orphans" to their care, and John Underwood made them executors of his will, leaving his five motherless children to the care of his "loving and kind fellows."

Heminges and Condell wore the memorial rings that Shakespeare had left them, but they had no need of rings to remind them of their dead friend. Each year the King's Men still presented Shakespeare's plays, which were now in a way as orphaned as Alexander Cooke's children. Only half the plays were in print, many in corrupt texts, and in time most of them would be lost forever. To prevent this, Heminges and Condell arranged for a folio edition of all Shakespeare's plays, although it was not the custom of the period to present ephemeral popular works, like plays, in the grandeur of a folio edition. The two actors took no credit for gathering the plays together. "We have but collected them, and done an office to the dead, to procure his orphans guardians; without ambition either of self-profit or fame; only to keep the memory of so worthy a friend and fellow alive as was our Shakespeare."

Elsewhere in the dedication of the folio Heminges and Condell speak of their "gratitude" to Shakespeare, and they had reason. But there is also the question of our gratitude to them and to the other actors who made up that great company. They gave Shakespeare their love, their intelligence, and their cooperation. They gave him space in which to write his plays, freedom to write them as he pleased, and opportunity to present them properly to his audiences. In the end they conceived the collection known as the First Folio and saved plays like "Macbeth," "Antony and Cleopatra," and "The Tempest" from what would otherwise have been oblivion.

It is time someone said "Thank you" to them. They deserve it.

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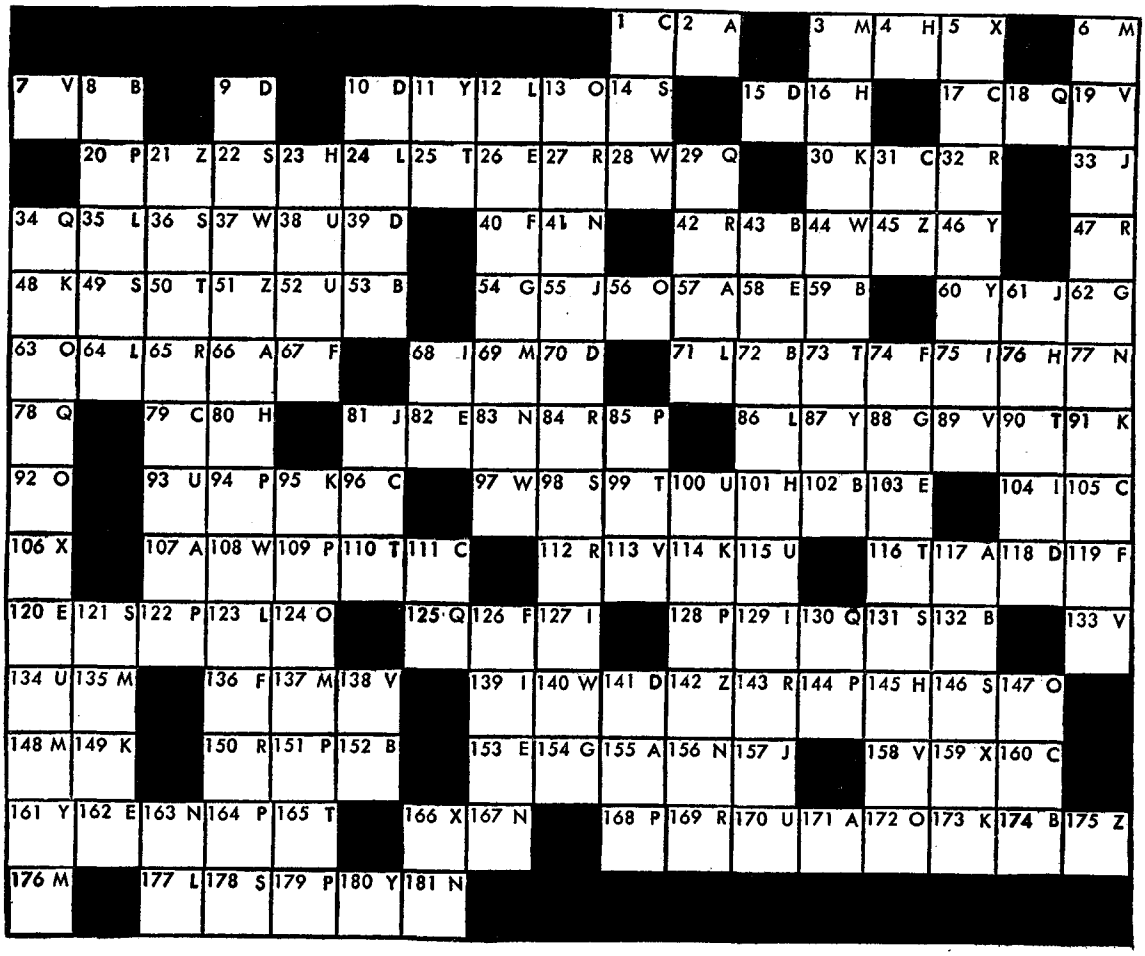
X. Battle of Jan. 625; Mohammed wounded and defeated by army of Koreishites.	166 159 5 106
Y. First of the two divisions of a sonnet.	87 161 180 11 60 46
Z. Companion to Euryalus in their mission to Aeneas (the "Aeneid").	175 51 45 21 142

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



JULY 23, 1949

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 26 of this issue.

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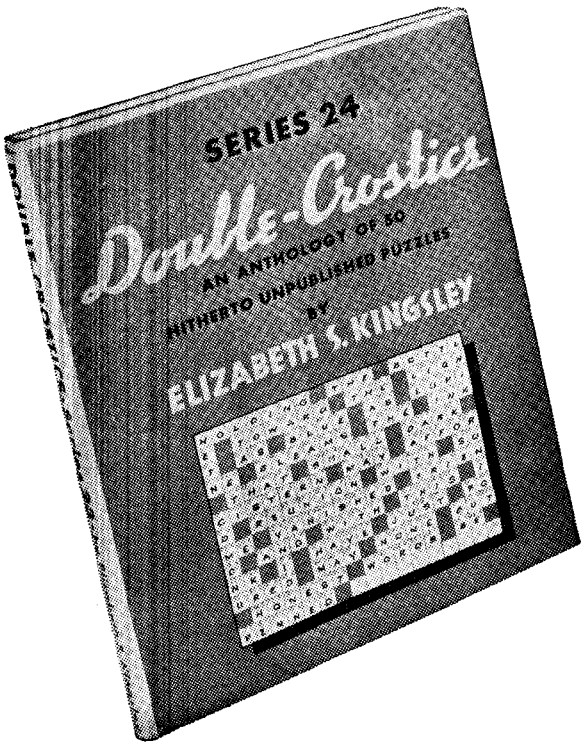

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Best Sellers *and a Revolution*

A COMMUNIQUÉ ABOUT QUARTER REPRINTS FROM BANTAM BOOKS, INC.

There's been a quiet little revolution going on in the American culture during the past ten years. It hasn't yet been tabulated by the statistical sociologists. Kinsey, Pomeroy and Martin aren't interested, either—even though it affects the way people use their leisure time.

Basically, it's not an exciting change . . . unless you believe that Book Reading is *good*, that there is no substitute for the richly rewarding experience of reading a Book.

If you believe this about books (and we do, else we wouldn't be in publishing), then you'll share our excitement.

What's happened is this: In the ten years since the first appearance of Pocket Books and Penguin Books in the United States, the enjoyment of reading, through these inexpensive, "perfect" bound little books, was brought to millions of Americans by a Big New Idea in publishing.

This Big New Idea was mass distribution—a distribution system able to reach an audience large enough to justify the use of large-scale production techniques. Quarter books owe their existence to the 77,000 newsstands that handle mass circulation magazines, rather than the 3,500 bookstores concentrated in a few urban centers.

And mass distribution means that, instead of the satisfaction of publishing an important book for a small, discriminating group of readers, the quarter book publisher has to find his publishing joys only in those books which he can sell to hundreds of thousands of readers.

This means that quarter books today are a mass entertainment industry.

We like to think that we're more than that, too . . . that in our list can be found some books of stature and importance. We like to think that many of the millions of people who have discovered reading via quarter reprints will go on to other books we can't publish—yet.

For there have been important changes in reprint tastes, even in the three and one-half years of Bantam's existence. The audience has grown (66,000,000 books in 1945; 135,000,000 last year), and its reading tastes have grown, too.

Until now, there has been no up-to-date, systematic quarter book best-seller list from which one could get information about trends in mass reading tastes. It's a shame, because the career of a 25¢ best-seller is fascinating. Without any fanfare, it catches on almost instantaneously and then builds and builds and builds its audience through word-of-mouth. In its first month on the newsstands, a really popular book will sell 300,000 to 500,000 copies—and often half a first printing in ten days!

What kinds of books are these that people all over the country are reading in such quantities? Starting this month, we are going to give at least part of the answer by announcing monthly the eight leading best-sellers on the Bantam list. These books will be featured as "The 8 Bantam Best-Sellers" by our dealers.

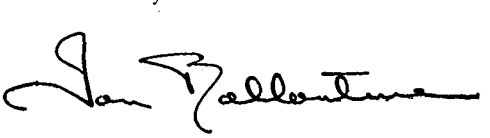
This month's list is fairly representative: an historical novel, a prize-winning race relations story, the rough-and-candid diary of a New York cab driver. Here it is:

1. THE STRANGER. Lillian Bos Ross. Historical novel of the settling of the Big Sur country in California.
2. THE OTHER ROOM. Worth Tuttle Hedden. Winner of the Anisfield-Wolf Award and the Southern Authors Award for its treatment of race relations.
3. MY SISTER, MY BRIDE. Merriam Modell. Woman's problem novel, on the causes of frigidity.
4. MY FLAG IS DOWN. James Maresca. Breezy diary of a New York cabbie.
5. STRANGER IN PARIS (Christmas Holiday). W. Somerset Maugham. Continental sin vs. English mores.
6. THE CHINESE ROOM. Vivian Connell. It's sex (English, genteel) that sells this one.
7. NEVADA. Zane Grey. This classic has been a Bantam Best-Seller for two years now.
8. LADY GODIVA AND MASTER TOM. Raoul Faure. Amusing reconstruction of the legend, with Godiva on the cover helping sales.

All of these books are selling at least 100,000 copies a month. And for those of you who look askance at "Bogus Best-Sellers" we might explain that our figures are based on an actual count of the number of copies sold over-the-counter by every retailer in 31 representative cities. These figures, gathered by the 300-man Curtis Circulation Company field force, have varied only a few percentage points from the national total as measured by a count of all 77,000 dealers' stocks.

We hope this list, and others as they appear monthly, will give you some clues about the trend in mass reading tastes.

Right now it may not be the trend you would like to see, but we feel that this quarter book revolution has brought us far from the "whodunits" and the "he-went-thataways" with which we started. Where quarter books are going from here, you'll know when we do . . . by watching the 8 Bantam Best-Sellers each month—at your favorite newsdealer.



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